June Date, March 6, 1926

Vol. XXXIX. No. 1051.

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
Postage all over the World 1d.

A FILM FADE-OUT

BY

A. G. Gardiner

You watch—and Persil washes!

Persil works wonders—it sets free purifying, refreshing oxygen in the washing water—breathes cleanliness into every fibre. You merely put Persil to work—it does the rest. Thousands of housewives adopt the simple Persil method every week. And they continue to use it—that is the best testimonial Persil could have.

Persil is quite distinct from ordinary soaps and soap powders—it is much more modern—the modern washing compound. Persil has germ-destroying properties—removes stains too! Buy Persil in the new, enlarged packet—nearly twenty per cent. more than before—and the price is only sixpence! The 3½d packet is larger too—but no change in price.

Get the new large packet

Made by Crosfields

use PERSIL the right way

To obtain all the energy stored in each atom of Persil, mix to a thick paste with cold water; then thin down to a milky liquid. Stir the Persil solution into the copper filled with cold water. Now put in clothes and boil for thirty minutes. Never sprinkle dry Persil on the clothes, always mix first. See instructions on every packet.

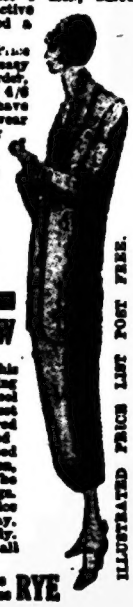
35/-

A GREAT OFFER of GABARDINE COAT FROCKS

1/6 NOW

The most perfect Coat Frock yet designed for evening wear, business or every day; no garment is more appropriate, most in demand, in quality and supplied on terms you can afford to pay. A very fashionably-cut dress in All-Wool Gabardine, daintily trimmed with silk Tie Bow, fancy Buttons, and silk belt, half-lined. The latest flared skirt, a most attractive design, and good a Coat Frock as a could wish to wear. Price 35/- on simple, easy terms; 1/6 with order, 8/- in ten days, and 4/6 monthly, and you have the Coat Frock to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Send 1/6 now and say which colour we shall send you: Navy, Tan, Fawn or New Blue. Irish and Colonial orders cash only.

Price List Post Free



Special Offer of WOOL Gabardine Costumes. 3/- NOW

This offer places within your means this high-class stylish Costume for early Spring wear. Well-tailored in superior all-wool Gabardine, cut and finished in the very latest style. Coat is trimmed with self-coloured strappings, neatly buttoned and finished with seven rows of braid, with cuffs strapped and braided. Supplied in Navy, Cinnamon, Rat, Brown, Nigger, Beaver and Nole. The Coat has fancy lining. Two button fastenings. The Skirt has the popular side pleat. Price 35/-, on easy terms you can afford to pay, 3/- to-day, 6/- in ten days, and 3/- monthly. Send 3/- now and say which colour we shall send you.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST POST FREE.

MASTERS Ltd. 83, Rose Street RYE

PSORIASIS
ECZEMA, BAD LEGS

and all other Skin Diseases are being daily cured by Kuranda Herbal Treatment, when other means have failed even to relieve. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 35 years. Send post card for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

J. ROBINSON & SONS, 14, Kuranda House, BRADFORD

NO OPERATIONS should be permitted

on men or throat before reading my booklet—FREE on receipt of 1½d. for postage. Catarrh, Adenoids, Tonsils and respiratory diseases can be successfully treated by my methods. Consultations daily. Please Mention this Advice by post.

Lt.-Col. Kynaston R.F. Spec. R.A.M.C. L.R.C.P. M.R.C.S.

Room 2 Langham House, Regent St., London W.1

40 years a leader

Write for our Free Lists of Gold Medal Cycles and buy direct at money-saving prices. Any machine sent on 14 days' approval. Carriage Paid. Biggest & best bargains ever offered. Thousands of testimonials.

QUADRANT CYCLE CO., Ltd., Dept. 2 Coventry.

Quadrant 2½ H.P.

DANGER! IN HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS

JOHN BULL PAYS TWO £125 INSURANCE BENEFITS

A frying-pan—a bucket—such as you will find in every home in the land. Who would imagine that deadly danger could lurk in such commonplace articles? Yet they were the cause of two of our readers each losing an eye—partial disablement for the rest of their lives.

Mr. T. C. P. Wilson of Mill House, Ballygarvey, Ballymena, Co. Antrim, was stooping over a stove when the projecting handle of a frying-pan came in contact with his eye, blotting out the sight for ever.

Mr. E. C. L. Jones of 4, Mafeking Rd., Penylan, Cardiff, was closing with a hammer the hook on the handle of a bucket, when a piece of iron flew off piercing his eye.

Both were registered readers and consequently "John Bull" has forwarded to each a cheque for £125.

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID THIS WEEK—104.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader

Reader's Name in full ..... Age.....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 6/3/20.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 6/3/20.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2d.

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull," and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 2d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Cash the Coupons

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER.

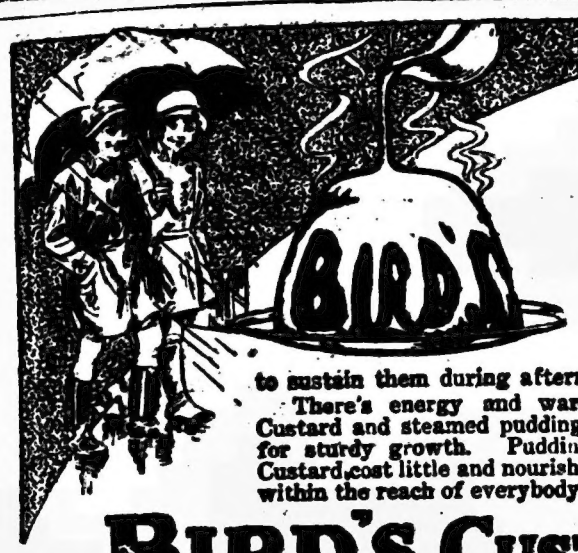
HERE is a wonderful opportunity to own the famous "John Bull" Pen and pocket a Shilling. *Send any number of Coupons up to Six, and deduct their value (2d. each) from the price of the Pen.* At the same time procure a beautiful 2/6 Ever-pointed Pencil FREE. Series of Coupons limited—Send to-day.

Written 2-Years' Guarantee with each Pen.

Your Name Engraved in Gold on Pen, 6d. extra.

Pocket a Shilling and get a 2/6 EVER-POINTED PENCIL FREE

Pen is fitted with 14-ct. solid gold nib, and guaranteed to resist wear and tear for two years.



For your school children

— those growing boys and girls!

Pudding with Hot Bird's Custard sauce is the food to sustain them during afternoon school.

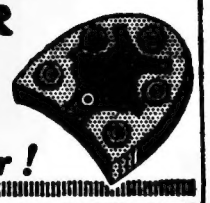
There's energy and warmth in Hot Bird's Custard and steamed puddings; also the material for sturdy growth. Puddings with Hot Bird's Custard cost little and nourish much, and they are within the reach of everybody.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

HOT adds zest to any pudding, and takes it out of the ordinary. It doubles the nutriment and trebles the enjoyment.

Cash's Tricolour pkts., 1½d.; silvered boxes. 6½d. & 1/1; Tins, 1/6

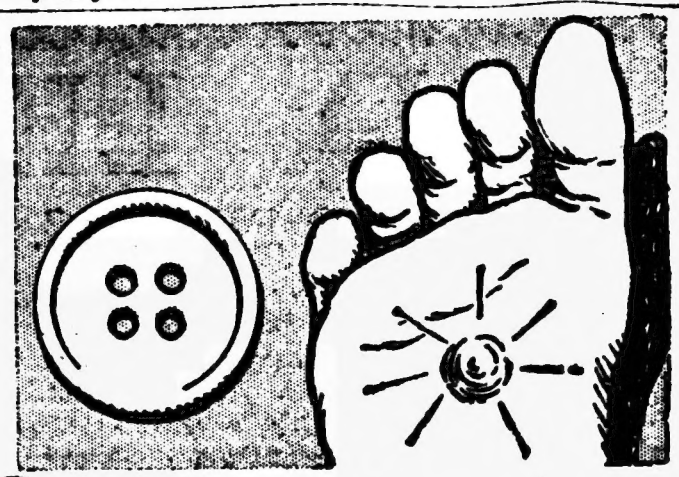
PHILLIPS RUBBER HEELS



Perfect fitting .... Do not slip.

Ladies'. 1/- pair. .... Men's . 1/6 pair.

Wonderful wear from Every Pair!



Corns as big as buttons

Removed at first soaking.

No matter how long you may have suffered from corns, or how deeply embedded they may have become, Radox Bath Salts will remove them without trouble and without pain. To cut a corn is but to prune it, and for the temporary relief you suffer increased agony a little later. A Radox footbath is the certain way to be rid of a corn. Read what this Radox user says:

"As an agricultural labourer I have suffered agonies, and have tried all sorts of so-called cures. . . . We got a packet of Radox, and the result was marvellous. The first soaking fetched out two large corns that nothing else would touch. One is about half an inch round, and stood out from the foot a good quarter inch—like a button." A. L.

When you put your feet into a foothath containing Radox, the Salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn-solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is obvious that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts. Ask for Radox at your chemist, price 1/6 per ½ lb. Pink Packet. 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "RADOX SCHEN FEELING."

Buy a ROYAL WINCHESTER cycle

DIRECT from the ROYAL WINCHESTER WORKS

and SAVE POUNDS

WHY PAY RETAILERS FANCY PRICES?

For only £4 10 6, or a mere deposit of 9/6, we can offer you a Royal Winchester cycle of magnificent specification, equal to anything sold in shops at £6 12 6. As actual manufacturers, we guarantee this. A cycle, mind you, that has stood the public test for over 30 years—built every bit as perfectly as we made Army Aeroplanes during the War. Whether bought for Cash, or on our

AMAZINGLY EASY PAYMENTS

every machine is Guaranteed-for-Ever, sent PACKED FREE, CARRIAGE PAID, on 14 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Fullest satisfaction positively guaranteed or money back. Learn more about this superbly-built pounds-saving cycle. Write for our Monster Illustrated Bargains Book. It's FREE. It shows you clearly what unparalleled value we offer at all prices from 75/- Even if you don't need a bike, you need this book for money-saving. Displays a grand range of Guaranteed Tyres from 2/6, Chains from 1/11, Horns 1/-, Puncture Cure 3d., Saddles 2/6 and thousands more Amazing Accessory Bargains.

9/6 DEPOSIT

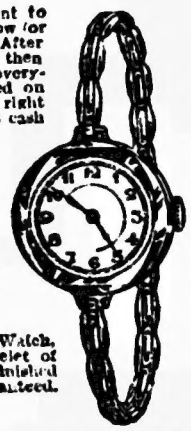
Send for this wonderful Bargains Book FREE & SEE FOR YOURSELF

MOORHOUSE LTD
DEP 89 Padiham, BURNLEY

SEND NO MONEY

WE TRUST YOU

Either of these Handsome Watches Sent Post FREE upon Free Approval.



Either of these handsome Watches will be sent to responsible readers on receipt of the Coupon below (or copy) on ABSOLUTELY FREE APPROVAL. After receipt, you send us 2/- only, the balance is then payable by small monthly instalments within everyone's means. Only one article can be supplied on these truly wonderful terms and we reserve the right to refuse any order. Irish and Colonial orders cash only.

READ OUR BRIEF DESCRIPTIONS.

Gent.'s Massive Capped Lever Watch. Heavy Silver-finished case, double engine-turned back and cap over movement. 10-jewelled non-magnetic compensated Lever movement. Dead accurate timekeeper. Bevelled crystal glass. Bold figures. Pen steel hands. Enamelled dial. Warranted 10 years.

Ladies' neat and dainty Gold-Filled Wrist Watch, complete as illustrated, with expanding bracelet of choice design. Highest grade and perfectly finished movement. Splendid timekeepers, fully guaranteed.

OUR REMARKABLE TERMS.

We will forward you either of these handsome Watches on Free Approval. After inspection send us 2/- more and the balance may then be paid by instalments of 3/- monthly until 25/- is paid for the Ladies' Watch, or 3/- monthly until 25/- is paid for the Gent.'s. Cash with order prices, or balance within 7 days, Ladies 22/6, Gent.'s 22/6.

COUPON (Cut out or Copy) *To* **SIMPSON'S (Brighton), LTD., (Dept. 1946), 94, QUEEN'S ROAD, BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.**

Dear Sirs. Please send me:—

(*Article required*).....

As advertised. If satisfied, I undertake to send 2/- on receipt and pay the monthly instalments in accordance with your terms, otherwise I will return the goods at once.

NAME (*in full*).....

ADDRESS (*in full*).....

HOUSEHOLDER (*Yes or No*).....*Age* 21 *or over* (*Yes or No*).....

Goods CANNOT be supplied to persons under 21 without a guarantee by a Householder.

BAD LEGS CURED

NO RESTING. NO OPERATIONS. NO RELAPSE.

Why suffer with your bad leg? Why endure the throbbing, burning, aching, and stabbing pain that makes your life a burden and a misery? If you cannot rest, if you cannot sleep, if you cannot work, and if you are continually in pain, you cannot enjoy life as you should. But—You are not doomed to suffer! Even now you are suffering needlessly. Tremol Treatment has cured others, and it will banish your pain. Thousands who suffered just as you are suffering to-day are now cured by the Tremol System of Treatment, and delivered from the bondage of pain.

ARE THESE YOUR SYMPTOMS?

IS YOUR LEG PAINFUL?

Bad legs cause terrible pain. With open wounds, sores or ulcers the agony is intense. The flesh is drawn and tight. Twitching and shooting pains make the leg throb and burn. Rest is impossible. When the leg is red and itchy, sufferers could "scratch it to pieces." If it is inflamed and weeping, the leg smarts and burns. Heavy, tired, and aching limbs from Varicose Veins compel sufferers to lie up in bed frequently. Stiff, swollen joints stab like needles, and quick movement causes the leg to give way with stinging pain And so it is with all bad leg sufferers. Pain! Pain! Robbing life of all pleasure, condemning the sufferer to unending misery.

IS THERE AN OPEN WOUND, SORE OR ULCER?

An open wound, sore, or ulcer usually develops from a knock, from varicose veins, a pimple, or a scratch. In the majority of cases the wound is surrounded by inflammation and complicated by varicose veins. A terrific gnawing agony afflicts the sufferers day and night. They cannot sleep. They must nurse the leg continually. If you suffer in this way you can be cured as thousands already have been cured by Tremol Treatment.

IS YOUR LEG INFLAMED WITH ECZEMA?

Red, burning inflammation causes intense irritation and smarting pain. The leg may be hot and fiery. Innumerable scales form. Sufferers know neither comfort nor peace Under Tremol Treatment all skin inflammation passes away and your leg is made sound and well.

HAVE YOU PAINFUL AND SWOLLEN JOINTS?

Severe pains shoot through the joints when they are stiff and swollen. Walking and free movement is painful and difficult. Sufferers cannot follow their occupations. In these cases, Tremol achieves brilliant results when all other treatments have failed. Every sufferer from painful joints should get Tremol Treatment without delay!

NOTE THESE POINTS.

Tremol Conquers Bad Legs

WHEN OPERATIONS HAVE FAILED.
WHEN OINTMENTS HAVE FAILED.
WHEN RESTING HAS FAILED.
WHEN ALL OTHERS HAVE FAILED.

Tremol Conquers Bad Legs

WITHOUT RESTING.
WITHOUT OPERATION.
WITHOUT RELAPSE.
WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK.
WITHOUT LOSS OF WAGES.

Tremol Conquers Bad Legs

WITH SOUND NEW SKIN.
WITH BETTER HEALTH.
WITH RAPIDITY.
WITH CERTAINTY.
WITH GRAND RESULTS.

NATIONAL COLLEGE OF HEALTH LTD. AND INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER. THE ONLY INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD FOUNDED AND SOLELY DEVOTED TO THE CURE OF BAD LEGS.

HOW TREMOL CURES.

When doctors, hospitals, infirmaries, ointments, and all other treatments have failed to cure—TREMOL will cure you. Many thousands are already cured. Hundreds are being treated and cured to-day. Under Tremol Treatment ulcers and open wounds are cured with sound new skin. Varicose eczema, even when combined with varicose veins, disappears. Swelling is reduced. Stiff and painful joints become painless. Inflammation and irritation pass away. Pain is banished. Sleep is restored. Health is improved.

TREMOL IS YOUR OWN TREATMENT.

Why does Tremol conquer all leg troubles? Because every case receives individual attention. Your age, sex, weight, occupation, how long suffering, the nature of your bad leg, and all the factors affecting it are taken into account. The right treatment to bring about a lasting cure will be specially prescribed for you. You will be under special treatment until you are cured.

TREMOL CONQUERS BAD LEGS WITHOUT REST.

Resting cannot permanently cure bad legs. Tremol has abolished resting in bed. You can apply Tremol and be cured whilst you are working. No lying up. No loss of wages. Tremol cures without a moment's unnecessary rest.

TREMOL RESULTS ARE PERMANENT.

Thousands rejoice to-day in a good strong leg cured by Tremol. They have had no relapse. No return of their leg trouble. Think what permanency means to you. Better health! Renewed strength! Greater vigour! Your leg made strong and well.

AGE IS NO BAR TO A CURE.

Cases of ten, twenty, or thirty years' standing are cured as easily as cases of yesterday. Sufferers from sixty to eighty years of age and upwards are cured with the same certainty as sufferers of thirty. Their advancing years are made free from pain.

OUR FREE OFFER TO YOU!

No matter how long you have suffered, no matter how old you are, no matter where you live—our offer is for you. Fill in the coupon, send it to the NATIONAL COLLEGE OF HEALTH LTD. AND INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (WARD B.L.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, and without any charge or obligation whatever, you will receive full information about the great Tremol Treatment. Also you will have our expert advice on your leg trouble absolutely free. This astonishing offer is made to you and every bad leg sufferer by the Governors of the National College of Health Ltd. because they are determined that this widespread suffering must be banished from the land. Seize this wonderful opportunity now! Do not delay. Every consideration will be given to your case. To help you and to place the Tremol Treatment within your reach, they will send to you free of all charge

A LARGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK.

This book is full of sound information and advice to all Bad Leg sufferers. It deals with the causes of all forms of Bad Legs and how they are cured. Thousands praise the day they read the book. It gave them the knowledge of how to get cured in their own homes, without loss of work, without painful operations, and without resting. Send for this valuable book at once. It shows how you, too, can be cured.

A LEGAL GUARANTEE.

No other institution in the world undertakes a legal guarantee like the National College of Health Ltd. and Infirmary for Bad Legs. They can do so because of their absolute and perfect confidence in the Tremol System of Treatment.

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATED ALBUM.

It contains coloured illustrations taken from life of actual cases cured by Tremol Treatment. Each illustration shows a typical case of a Bad Leg made good. This album is convincing proof of the marvellous curative powers of Tremol Treatment.

A LIST OF CASES CURED IN YOUR OWN DISTRICT.

No matter where you live, you will find neighbours cured by Tremol Treatment. Their names and addresses we will send to you to enable you to get first-hand personal knowledge of how Tremol Cures. Call and see your neighbours. Learn how they suffered. They are willing to help you. As they were cured so can you be cured.

FREE COUPON

NATIONAL COLLEGE OF HEALTH LTD. AND INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (WARD B.L.), Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send me without charge or obligation your Valuable Book, Illustrated Album, Legal Guarantee, List of Cases, and all particulars as per your special offer.

Name.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

.....

.....

State Complaint .....

THIS IS *YOUR* OPPORTUNITY TO GET CURED

National College of Health Ltd.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Welfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A.B.C. GUIDE to Remnant and Drapery Trade free. Worth pounds, valuable hints. Make money selling Prints, Towels, Tabling, Travellers' Samples, etc. Send p.c. to-day for Catalogue and full particulars.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 2, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free. — H. Clegg (Dept. B), High Street, Manchester.

RETAILERS requiring cheap lines in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc., should write for new 1926 Illus. Cat. to S. Mosco, Dept. J.B., 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

MAKE THESE PROFITS YOURS. — Sell Nicso Safety Razor Blades—the keen blade at a keen price.—Apply on letterhead for free sample blade and terms.—Nicso Co., 17, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.1.

AUTOMATIC Fruit Amusement Machines. 1926 model wonderful money-saver. Allwin-De-Luxe, Felix-Dusit., Clowns, etc. All machines new.—B. Samson Novelty Co., Dean St., E.C.4.

TO RETAILERS!—Write for particulars of profitable sideline—established article.—Manager, Picturegoer Salon, Sales Dept., 23, Endell St., London, W.C.2.

AGENTS WANTED.

"FREEMAN'S" Spare-Time Agency. — See Large Advert. page 6.

AGENTS wanted to sell Baby Cars; commission up to 30 per cent.; cash or credit; 50 fine models.—Apply, Heritage Peters Advtg. Service, Midland Bank Chambers, Coventry.

AGENTS WANTED to sell FANCY GOODS. 25 per cent. commission. Catalogue free.—Stephens, Wardrobe Court, E.C.4.

AGENTS and others.—Sell Gent's Collars at Bargain Prices. Particulars Free.—Columb Shirt Co., 51, Carlisle Rd., Londonderry.

EMPLOYMENT.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN? It's a healthy job—and a well-paid one, with fine prospects." This was the advice given to a man who was dissatisfied with his earnings and would see no future. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Teacher of Salesmanship, and, to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Why not let Mr. Wallace Attwood train you? Salesmanship is the one job in the world which will help a square peg to leave a round hole and better himself. Salesmanship is the big profession of to-day. A very interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," will be sent to you post free on request. Send for your copy to-day.—The Wallace Attwood College, 261, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7836.)

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 198, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY. — Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com. — J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY NEEDS TRAINED MEN—Drivers, Salesmen, Demonstrators, Mechanics, Chauffeur-Mechanics, and Fitters. Let the British School of Motoring quickly train YOU for a well-paid job. The best equipped school in London. Introductions to positions free of charge. Lowest fees.—Call or write, British School of Motoring, Ltd., Head Office, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

BECOME A CERTIFIED BOOK-KEEPER.—Postal tuition, 10/- month. Post found when qualified, or fee returned. Booklet, testimonials, free.—City Correspondence College (D. 9), 39, New Oxford Street, London.

SALESMANSHIP.—Positions as Selling Representatives are secured for graduates of FIVE WEEKS' instruction by a specialised method which includes PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS. Fees refunded to unsuccessful students. Call or write for prospectus, SALESMANSHIP, LTD., 55, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2. And at Manchester and Glasgow.

"SAY, HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY!" Sweet-making taught professionally, personal or mail course. 2d. stamp details.—Liberty Candy Co., Summit Ho., Langham Pl., Regent Street, W.1.

ROYAL MARINES.—BE A SOLDIER AND A SAILOR TOO.—Young Men are required for enlistment in the Royal Marines. Age 17 to 23 years. Good pay. All found. Excellent chances of promotion.—Apply by letter to the Director of Naval Recruiting, 55, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

100 BOYS, 16-19, wanted for selected farms in Australia. Must be strong, robust, and of good character. Wages 15/- and all found. Passages advanced, welfare provided.—Write or call, 0/8 Church Army, 55, Bryanston St., W.1.

SPARE-TIME Employment.—Reliable persons in regular employment are required to accept an agency to sell reliable goods, drapery, clothing, boots, etc., cash or easy payments. Liberal commission and splendid selection. 30/- to £5 can be earned weekly. No outlay; no expense. —Dept. 19, J. Turner, 16, The Arcade, Grattan Road, Bradford.

LEARN Dutton's 24-hour Shorthand; 1st Lesson Free. Practice quickly gives 150 words a minute.—Dutton's College, Desk J., Skegness.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; Papers covering Wales, 3/8. Many others. Prospectus.—Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London. 'Phone: City 842.

BUILD YOUR OWN BUSINESS without Buying Stock. Write for booklet.—Noble Bros. (Nottingham), Phœnix Ho., Oxford St., London, W.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list H. to Lovaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

THE GRAVES GRAMOPHONE is the World's Greatest Gramophone Bargain. Made entirely in the Graves Gramophone Works. Easy payments. Catlg. free.—J. G. Graves, Ltd., Sheffield.

GUNS, Rifles, Pistols, Cartridges, Fishing Tackle. Several Bargains. Low prices. List free. —Webster (J.B.), 41, Newington Butts, S.E.11.

LOOK, GOVERNMENT GOODS. — Army Boots, 10/6, 12/6; Socks, 1/3; Cord Breeches, 10/6, 12/6; Leggings, 4/6, 7/6; Grey Shirts, 6/-; Oilskin Suits, 12/6, 21/-; Leather Waistcoats, 6/-; various Capes; Horses' Loin-cloths, 5/6; Rubber Boots, all Kinds; Blankets, 4/6; Rubber Sheets (new), 5 x 3, 6/-; Overcoats, 14/6; Waterproof covers, any size, 1/3 sq. yd., made up. Carriage paid. Satisfaction guaranteed.—GASSON & SONS, Rye. Est. 126 years.

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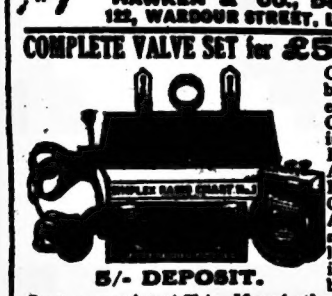

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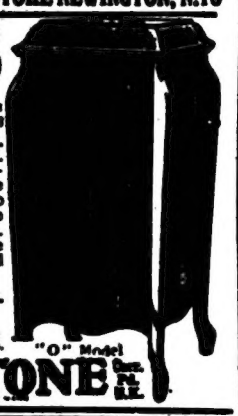

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H. Thorpe, 19, Greenside Lane, Droylsden, M/c.
C. E. Trowbridge, 4, The Broadway, E. Sheen.
J. M. Verco, 1, Melville Pl., Rock Rd., Torquay.
H. Walker, 1, Latham St., Harem Lane, Rotherham.
J. Walton, 16, Tillotson St., Sladen, Keighley.
A. J. West, 2, May Terr., Plymouth.
J. Weston, Northwood, Hillsboro, Ashbourne.

(*Continued on page 35*)

Is Baby Satisfied?

When milk alone does not appear to satisfy Baby, add a little Dr. Ridge's Food, and you will soon notice a wonderful improvement, both in health and appearance.

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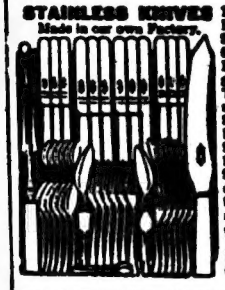

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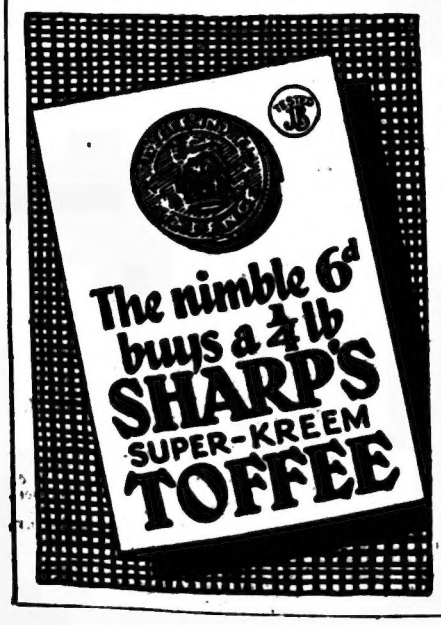

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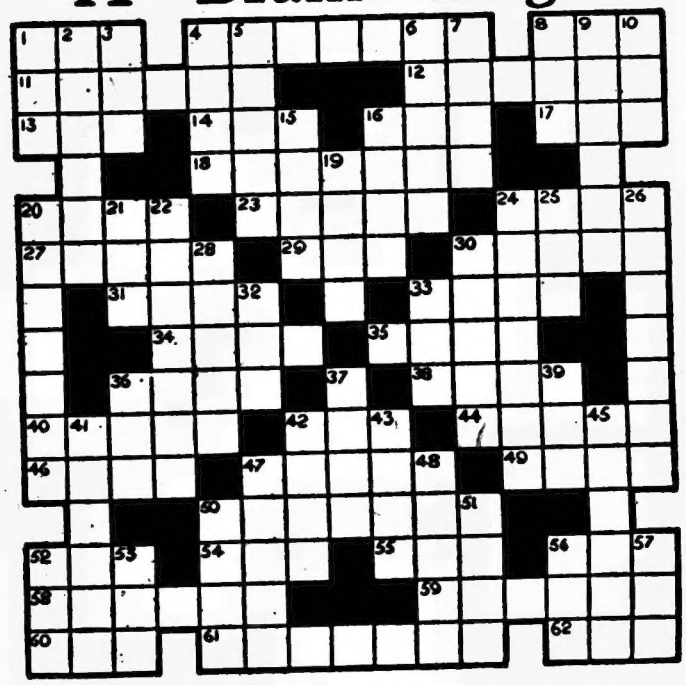
Our Crossword Corner

A Brain Brightener



CLUES DOWN

1. High card.
2. Pointed beard.
3. Not in.
4. Smack.
5. Lukewarm.
6. Paved.
7. Keep.
8. Portion.
9. A living being.
10. A number.
15. Expression.
16. Corrosive fluid.
19. Destruct.
20. An officer of the law.
21. One and a quarter yards.
22. A garment.
24. A right of power.
25. Kind of stag
26. A succession of rulers.
28. Character.
30. State in N. Africa.
32. A young goat.
33. Employment.
36. Observe.
37. Church dignitary.
39. Turf.
41. An injury.
42. Powdered grain.
43. Ensnare.
45. To accede.
47. Salt water.
48. To push forward.
50. Virtuous.
51. A period of time.
52. Health resort.
53. Hole in the earth.
56. Animal's foot.
57. Consumed.

ACROSS CLUES.

1. Past.
4. A Secret Act.
8. Used in cricket.
11. Two.
12. Healing lotion.
13. Consume.
14. Liable.
16. Everything.
17. A metal.
18. Penetrated.
20. The thing sown.
23. Ancient Celtic priest
24. Drink made from honey.
27. A Spartan slave.
29. Central.
30. To correspond.
31. To lie in wait.
33. Rubbish.
34. Temptation
35. A pool.
36. Glided.
38. Leaning to one side.
40. Swift.
42. Came together.
44. Kind of weasel.
46. Multiples of 12 inches.
47. Hair of the chin.
49. A contrary current.
50. Storehouse for grain.
52. Drink in small quantities.
54. Greasy liquid.
55. A dish.
56. Vegetable.
58. Deadly substance.
59. Empty.
60. Insect.
61. Final.
62. Tiny.

The Solution to last week's Cross-word Puzzle will be found on page 35.

POUNDS REDUCTION ON EVERY CYCLE

"I offer to readers of JOHN BULL first-class Coventry-built 'cycles at **POUNDS BELOW** last year's prices. Absolutely **GENUINE REDUCTIONS** have been made in thousands of brand new, fully guaranteed 1926 models, any of which I will send on **14 DAYS' APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID,** on receipt of small deposit only. Testimonials from everywhere in Great Britain. Satisfaction or money refunded. **MY FREE LISTS** will convince you, so write **NOW** for a copy and **CHOOSE YOUR OWN CYCLE FROM THE LARGEST SELECTION IN THE WORLD."**

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PERFECT dancers are the life of any party. That's why they are invited everywhere and are always surrounded by a happy crowd. If you can't dance you are out of everything, because no one wants to sit out talking when there is so much real fun and laughter on hand.

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16 Lesson Course for only 5/-

Just fill in and post the coupon together with 5/-. Keep the course for 5 days; and if within that time you are not perfectly satisfied in every way, return it and your money will be refunded in full—promptly and without question.

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On Other Pages—

Tied to a Powder Barrel, by Maj.-Genl. Sir F. Maurice, K.C.M.G. ... p. 17
Jones the Juggler ... ... p. 12
Bang Goes the "Bambroom"! ... ... p. 14
A Sneezer for Ebenezer ... ... p. 16
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A Sinner who Paid in Full ... ... p. 26
The Doom of the "Dole" ... ... p. 19

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Touched on the Raw.

It's little questions oftener than great ones that bring a big-majority Government to a fall. Witness the Party explosion over that £200,000 for Civil Service sports grounds. Pity this noble rage does not fasten on the big spendings.

Stirring the Dry Bones.

There was a healthy atmosphere of mutiny about the last meeting of the Conservative organisation's Central Council. That's another headquarters that needs stirring with a red-hot poker.

Out of the Pigeon-hole.

Discontented Conservatives have extracted a promise to disclose the part of the shelved Factory Bill that does not deal with hours. Ministers repeatedly assure manufacturers they have nothing to fear. What we want to know is whether factory workers have anything to hope.

The Coming Issue.

The land question has come to the front to stay. Conservative farmers mean to teach the Government something at by-elections. The town land ramp might at any time raise a whirlwind. The Liberal programme is at least a challenge to Ministers and Labour.

Ramsay's Crocuses.

While claiming fellowship with farm labourers because his first shilling was earned on the land, Mr. MacDonald admits that Labour ideas for land reform are only just emerging from the ground like the crocuses. No wonder the Labour Party is "missing the boat"!

They're the Boys.

It's always the Party out of power that knows exactly how every big problem can be solved. In power, there's another song sung. One day there may be some slight relation between election promises and performance. Then things will hum in earnest.

The Pow-wow.

The Liberal Land Convention, by sitting in secret, prejudiced public opinion badly. What was there to hide? And what faith can anyone have in a Party that fears public criticism?

The Obstructor.

Mr. Pringle's attempt to devote the time to points of procedure failed. The delegates had come to discuss the land monopoly—and they discussed it.

The Latter-day Saint.

The rediscovered radicalism of Mr. Lloyd George is having funny results. As his offended followers drop off, the malcontents in other Parties draw nearer. A Labour split over the business will be no surprise to those in the know.

Runciman's Rancour.

Mr. Runciman points out that every year we import more food, raw material and manufactured goods than we pay for by similar exports. His facts are true, his inferences wrong. We can grow treble the amount of food in this country. The trouble is that those who could do so are not allowed the opportunity.

Amery Rampant.

"The issue of Protection is bound to come within the next few years," said Mr. Amery when he rushed to Birmingham with the flush of his mandate triumph still upon him. Well might the Premier pray to be saved from his friends.

Breaking the Pie-crust.

Duties on clocks, watches, motor-cars, musical instruments, hops, lace, silk, scissors, knives, gas mantles and gloves do not satisfy many Members of this "No Protection" Government. Fresh plots are being laid. Whether they hatch or addle depends on whether Baldwin or Churchill is stronger.

A Wise Policy.

The Independent Labour Party believes that the whole of its policy should be concentrated upon a direct attack on poverty. We agree; venturing only to remind it that to make the rich man poor does not imply that the poor man will become rich.

Eye-wash.

Mesopotamia's contract to relieve us of responsibility by the end of 1928 is sheer eye-wash. It is a foregone conclusion that she will not be in a position to do so; and, at the bidding of the League of Nations, Britain will still have to shoulder the burden. Unless, that is, we kick, and kick hard.

The Food Robbers.

The Food Council, wading through appalling evidence, cannot gauge the full extent to which consumers are systematically robbed. Retailers settle high prices among themselves, then declare they cannot live unless they give less for money. A very pretty ramp.

They are Pledged.

Happily both Mr. Baldwin and Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister are minded to be on time with the promised legislation. It will take the form of an amending Bill to the Weights and Measures Act, and should do much to end a glaring scandal.

£1,500! There is still time to win this huge "Bullets" Prize. *See page 39.*

A League Crux.

This week's meeting at Geneva will decide whether Poland will have a permanent seat on the council of the League of Nations. The French delegates are desperately anxious that she should, not because Poland deserves the seat, but so that they and their friends may dominate the League. What an irony it is!

Austen Sings Dumb.

So long as the intrigue against Germany persists so long will the peoples of the world be betrayed. The League was formed to end war, not to act as an instrument for national domination. If Austen had courage he would tell them so.

A Tip.

Bills to protect the people become useless if left to personal prosecutors. Food robbers must be treated like pickpockets. They must be detected and punished by the Government.

Dinna Forget.

Although the wireless strike is ended, the men's protest against reduced rates of pay persists. That the lives of thousands may hang upon their efficiency in times of danger is the fact to remember when wages are fixed.

The New Diplomacy.

Mr. Churchill told a deputation that he didn't accept the claim that the motor-tax was to be used solely for the development and improvement of roads. Yet this was the absolute pledge given, and till now no statesman has attempted to crawl round it.

High Life.

We confess to being heartily sick of the hardships of Lady Cathcart. Other women have been detained on Ellis Island. Some have been made ill, and some have died. Being poor, there was no fuss raised.

It's Abortive.

The "Increase of Penalties" Bill, introduced by a back-bencher, is ill conceived. It puts at the discretion of judges too big a power. Penal reform is the Government's real job. This tinkering Bill must meet the fate it deserves—oblivion.

Another Blunder.

The Auditor-General of the Treasury has informed us that our State investment in first mortgage gold bonds of the British American Nickel Corporation is dead loss. £600,000 thrown to the dogs—and we pay people handsome pensions for doing these things!

The Voice of Honesty.

No firm in England has a higher reputation for integrity than Messrs. William P. Hartley, Ltd., the Liverpool jam manufacturers, and they definitely assert that it is quite feasible to guarantee the capacity of any jar. What they can do and have done, others must be compelled to do.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Plucking the Poor.

A house in York which was purchased for £520 brings in a yearly rental of £205—two and a half years' purchase. Not so bad, eh? The overseers have increased the assessment from £16 10s. to £150. All we can say is that even now the landlord is lacking his deserts.

"Which is Absurd!"

The railway transport rate for goods from West Hartlepool to Leeds—sixty-five miles—works out at 6s. 2d. per ton, which, as Mr. Walter Runciman points out, is practically the same as the ocean rate for 1,900 miles. Mr. Euclid's favourite comment seems to meet the case.

Eton's Hovels.

Mr. A. E. Bell, a master at Eton, is so distressed by the local slums that he has offered a tenth of his salary to a fund for better houses if others will follow his lead. We are glad to see that in Mr. Bell a great public school has a man who has the true public spirit. We hope that his appeal has not fallen on deaf ears.

The Face-builder.

Hundreds of ex-Service men will mourn the passing of Mr. Derwent Wood, the sculptor, to whose almost uncanny skill in the making of face-masks they owe so much. It is all very well to argue that war deformities are honourable, but the tragedy is that men have such short memories. Peace to the ashes of one who laboured well!

Not Enough.

In discharging Thomas Clarke and Ellen Grace Groves, the customer and waitress of the Express Dairy Co., Ltd., charged with conspiring to obtain food by false pretences, the judge remarked that they left the court without a stain on either of their characters. This is all very well as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough, and it might be anybody's turn next. What has the prosecution to say for itself?

No Joke!

The Southern Railway might be better advised if it aimed at supplying efficient accommodation for its humbler passengers rather than seek to trap those who travel first with a third-class ticket by means of plain-clothes inspectors. Possibly it is funny to spring a surprise upon these wicked fellows, but we claim that to deprive hundreds daily of the seats for which they pay is downright robbery—and that's no joke!

Blackman the Blackguard.

Really it is impossible to plumb the vile depths of some men. Though Walter Blackman is sixty-two years of age, he has not yet learned the meaning of friendship, nor the sanctity of childhood. He offered to take the seven-year-old daughter of a chum to the pictures, and while there he assaulted her. Mr. Oulton, at Lambeth, sentenced him to six months' hard labour. The only fitting penalty for such licentiousness is the lash.

Honesty Not Dead.

A man of sturdy North Country grit and as straight as a die is Mr. Francis George Burgess, the Bradford builder. Seventeen years ago a bankrupt, he set to work, with heart and will, to wipe out his debts. To-day, he owes not any man. The just demands against him have been met, and 4 per cent. interest paid on the money he owed. Bradford need not search with a lantern for an honest man.

The Most Awful Danger.

When Mrs. Flint, of Elvet Place, Cockerton, gave premature birth to a baby girl showing no "signs" of life, it was prepared for burial. At the graveside a faint cry came from the coffin, which, when opened, proved to contain a living child. The prompt medical aid then forthcoming should have been obtained beforehand. The whole affair is a horrid illustration of the laxity surrounding our death certificate laws.

Their Good Deed.

When the Frimley Water Company (Hants) proposed to increase by £1,000 a year their directors' fees, those gentlemen said "No." They asked that instead the £1,000 should be allocated to a new co-partnership scheme for employees. The Archbishop of York pleads for a "new spirit in business." Here is one instance, and a fine one, of that new spirit in existence.

Misapplied Genius.

At Manchester Assizes Louisa Ellen Beckett, a young married woman, was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for fraudulently obtaining £74 10s. from the Royton Co-operative Society. She forged the signatures of her husband's parents and successfully posed as her own mother-in-law. If Ellen had shown the same clever resourcefulness in legitimate ways she might have altered her penury to circumstances that would last. No permanent good ever comes from theft.

Merciful Policeman.

Det.-Sergt. Reid arrested James Burgess and Herbert Latchford for pilfering from the Woolworth Stores in Battersea. While the young men were on remand he called at their homes, and finding their mothers in need, the kind-hearted fellow assisted them out of his own pocket. When discharging the prisoners on probation, the magistrate pointed out that they owed much to the officer. It is not impossible that they will live to owe him a straight and honourable future, since nothing reforms like example.

The Human Machine

The Open Mind

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

DO you remember the story of the man who, for a wager, stood on London Bridge and offered genuine golden sovereigns to the passers-by at twopence each?

He won his wager. People could not believe in the genuineness of the offer, and not a single one could he sell.

I was reminded of this episode by a remark made to me the other day by a man who was rather disgusted by his experiences.

"Ideas," he said, "are the most valuable things in life. Original ideas are worth almost anything.

"I used to be very chary of scattering ideas abroad lest someone else should steal them and make money out of them.

"But I don't mind now. The world is so full of fools that you can give it ideas by the handful and it will remain indifferent.

"A fool, you see, doesn't realise that there is any value in an idea. That's why it's quite safe to give them to him!"

THERE is a lot of truth in what this man said. We are all, I fear, inclined to be fools, prone to be too suspicious and unwilling to believe that when an idea is offered to us it may quite well be the genuine article and not a fake.

Is not this, in a nutshell, just what is the matter with the world to-day? Are we not all suffering because we stubbornly refuse to examine *ideas*, because we prefer to keep our eyes glued on worn-out theories and exploded fallacies?

In every country, in every sphere of human activity and endeavour, there are men offering us golden ideas—and we smile cynically and suspect a trick!

We lack both logic and faith, for some day an idea will save civilisation from wreck.

We should, everyone of us, cultivate an open mind, lest when the idea comes we fail to recognise its worth.

The Bumper Bumped.

Coming from a "bump" supper, where he had just gained his oars, Arthur Cecil Byron, of Jesus College, Cambridge, knocked a policeman's helmet off in "sheer exuberance and joy." The fine of 10s. imposed upon him at Cambridge Police Court is not enough. What is excused in a university student as youthful high spirits in a poor man would be called drunken, disorderly behaviour. And lately we've seen too much of it.

What a Pity.

A quarrel forty-five years old, and still unhealed, was revived when Mr. Arthur Henry Brown was buried at East Horndon. Mr. Brown, as a youth, was organist at Brentford, and after a dispute left the post, vowing never again to enter the church. So to keep his vow he gave orders for his burial at East Horndon. But what a sad thing that a man who lived to be ninety-six and composed over 700 hymns understood so little of Christianity. Its centre theme is love and forgiveness.

After Five-and-forty Years.

Five grand old men, the youngest of whom is seventy-eight, have received a grant of £100 from the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. They are survivors of the crew of the Ramsgate lifeboat *City of Bradford*, who went to the wreck of the barque *Indian Chief*, which broke up on the Long Sands on January 5, 1881. Eleven men were rescued after a struggle of twenty-six hours. May the five live long to keep in memory this bravest of our seamen's feats.

Pernicious Pilfering.

The theft of small sums of money by a county court official is an offence of peculiar gravity in view of the hardship inflicted on poor people struggling to discharge their legal obligations. Consequently, Alexander Houghton, a county court clerk of Harringay, may think himself lucky to have escaped with two months in the second division after pilfering postal orders to the amount of £7 4s. It is up to Houghton now to prove that the leniency shown by the magistrate was not misplaced.

Let There be Light!

The narrow escape from death of Mr. R. B. Glassborow, a London man, who was unaware of Fishbourne level-crossing until he crashed into the closed gates and a train thundered past him, is another reminder of an ever-present danger. At Fishbourne both the motor-car and the train might have been involved in a ghastly tragedy. It is imperative that larger and better warning lights be provided. The plain duty of the railway companies is to see to it.

The Send Off.

Garngad, Glasgow, by starting work on forty-four steel houses, sets the ball rolling for the Government scheme of building 2,000 Weir houses. The site being near the factory where Cowieson steel houses are made, on which building trade conditions are observed, the Federation of Building Trade Workers advises affiliated unions to avoid "precipitate and undisciplined action" in connection with the matter. If any man can think of hindering the work in view of the hundreds of families herded in stinking and rat-infested hovels, God pity him. We won't.

Poor Little Cat's-paw.

A terrible career of crime is checked for seven years by the sentence passed on Thomas Egan, a painter, aged thirty-eight, at Maidstone assizes. His plan was to travel about the country committing innumerable burglaries, accompanied by a boy of fifteen whom he compelled to help him. Having already served similar sentences, it is proved that prison to Egan is no deterrent. His is another case pointing to the fact that our means of dealing with habitual criminals need overhauling. Every moment they are at large they corrupt others.

A Scandal Tragedy.

"Woolton is a vile place for village scandal," declared Mr. A. W. Bibby, the Liverpool shipowner, giving evidence, during inquest proceedings, that the scandal-mongers of the district had not hesitated to blacken the character of a dead "white" man. There are many thieves in the world, but none so bad as those who filch the characters of their neighbours, a fact Woolton should note.

Goods or Lives?

Is a Fire Office Committee above the law? To judge by the pleading of the Thames Export Packing Company, of Commercial Road, Lambeth, some people think it is; for when summoned for allowing twenty-four women to work in a temperature but one degree above freezing-point, they stated they were not permitted to instal heating apparatus because perishable goods were stored next door. The summons was dismissed, but those responsible must be brought to realise that flesh and blood also are perishable.

A Plymouth Gas Scandal.

Serious disclosures have been made at a special meeting of Plymouth Town Council in connection with certain irregularities which resulted in the resignation of Mr. W. P. Tervet, the gas engineer, and the dismissal of Mr. Le Bailly, the chief clerk. This is another case where corporation funds have been misappropriated, and we sincerely trust that the matter will not be dropped until it has been thoroughly investigated to the satisfaction of those who will ultimately have to foot the bill.

An Easy Way Out.

Though Mr. William Pennington, the chief executive officer of the G.P.O., denied that the authorities had been guilty of gross negligence in connection with the death of two workers, who were killed by the fall of a telegraph pole, the fact that the coroner added a rider to the effect that the renewal of the rusted stays had been too long delayed scarcely supports this view. The Post Office official added that the men had been too zealous in climbing the pole. It is easy—and not quite nice—to throw the onus upon men so dead.

A Cruel Thief.

Edward Beaumont, secretary of a charitably supported association at Wombwell, had the job of helping the families of sick ex-Service men. One of these was very sadly circumstanced. There were six children, and for twelve months the father had done no work. How they had struggled for existence the family knew, and Beaumont also knew. But, instead of seeing that they had assistance, he pocketed the money granted to them. Callous robbers usually receive their deserved reward, which in Beaumont's case is six months.

Nobody's Darling.

Should a man return to his native land for good, we claim he should automatically resume his nationality even though he may have become a naturalised citizen of another while living there. James Harwood, a native of Brighton, was informed by the Consul that he was no longer regarded as an American citizen as more than two years had elapsed since he left the States; yet now he has been summoned by the British authorities for failing to register as an alien. We venture to doubt if either country would be so eager to disown him were he needed as "cannon fodder."

The Bragger Bagged.

Coming from Birmingham races, John Holden Gardener, a Nottingham clerk, began to "mash" a girl he met in the train. Boastfully he showed her jewellery which he said he had bought for a former sweetheart, and progressed so well that she allowed him to accompany her, he carrying her bag on arrival at their destination. This landed him into the arms of the law to stand his trial on a charge of stealing the jewellery. The "peach" was a policewoman in mufti. It is a good thing for honesty that even women are not always what they seem!

Scotching a Scoundrel.

Sir Ernest Wild is ever ready to weigh extenuating circumstances, but even he could discern little in favour of William Leslie Lloyd. Posing as a police officer, the fellow obtained nearly £200 from Mr. Marshall George Wood on the pretence that it was to be used to silence certain women who sought to blackmail that gentleman. Mr. Wood should congratulate himself on Lloyd's capture, since leeches of his kind seldom leave go till the victim is sucked dry.

Sharks Go West.

Home-employment sharks would appear to be exceedingly active in the West Country at the present moment. A recent copy of a Bristol newspaper contains no fewer than six advertisements of this nature, amongst which we recognise two names that have figured in JOHN BULL. They are "Poynton Mills," of Poynton, Cheshire, and Ballard, of 71, Grace's Road, Camberwell, London. We advise our Western readers to be well on their guard.

Haynel the Humbug.

Complaints continue to reach us regarding Mr. Richard Haynel, of "Ambleside," Ambrose Place, Worthing. This quack is still obtaining victims through the medium of his clerical tout, the Rev. Silas Jones, and an interesting sheaf of his circulars has just come into our hands. Haynel assures prospective patients that his healing method is "a composite, mild process and not a one-sided system," and he also declares that it can "afford help where medical science is completely helpless." It is time that this dangerous humbug was stopped.

A Profiteering Agency.

A small shopkeeper at Garstang was induced to subscribe 35s. to The Foreign Traders' Agency, of 52, Royal Exchange Chambers, City Square, Leeds, in the belief that he would benefit considerably. The lure held out by the agency was to the effect that it was able to put traders in touch with Continental manufacturers. All the Garstang shopkeeper has received for his 35s. so far is four copies of a German trade publication called the *Export Market*. As the annual subscription for this publication is only 6s., the Foreign Traders' Agency would appear to be making a good thing out of it.

Slippery Soap.

Representatives of Thomas Crooks, Kensington Soap Works, Liverpool, have been touring in Devonshire and selling "Kensington Lysol Soap" from door to door. Housewives have been assured that if they purchased two pounds of this soap a further pound would be presented free. A Silverton reader paid for two pounds, and the man said he would have to go and get a fresh supply. He never came back, however, and a letter which we have addressed to Thomas Crooks has been returned, marked—"No such firm in Liverpool."

Bluff and Bluster.

Bishop, Evans and Co. (Cardiff), Ltd., of City Chambers, 47, Queen Street, Cardiff, seem to think they can ignore the liabilities they incurred when trading as Fowler's Confidential Service and Debt Recovery Company. The latter concern borrowed £15 from a crippled employee, and has only repaid £3. Now, Bishop Evans and Co., declare that they are taking no steps to repay the balance to the poor fellow, who is out of work and sadly in need of his cash. Obligations of this sort cannot be disclaimed with bluff and bluster. We advise this firm to make amends at once.

"JOHN BULL" PAYS
TWO £125 INSURANCE BENEFITS
Total paid this week 104
(See page 2)

Problems of Life

Abiding Memory

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

RECENTLY I officiated at the funeral of one of my oldest friends. Afterwards, as I journeyed home I was accompanied by an acquaintance who had been present at the solemn ceremony, and the following conversation took place.

Dr. R. J. Campbell

He: "Occasions of this kind always bring home to one the realisation of the brevity and mournfulness of life."

I: "Why do you say that?"

He: "Because it seems such a short time since I first became intimate with the family whose last representative of my own generation is now gone. My own time must come soon. The change from youth to age comes so swiftly, so suddenly, that it takes one by surprise."

I: "But what is there mournful about that?"

He: "The sundering of relationships, the bidding farewell to all the loves and joys of earlier days. Most of all, when one is getting on in years, one finds that the last enemy takes heavier toll of our dearest companionships and leaves one poorer and lonelier. It is inevitable but very sad."

I: "You are wrong. There are no such farewells; and death is not the real enemy."

He: "What then?"

I: "Forgetfulness. I have heard it said that the saddest thing in life is that no one is ever missed for long, but even that is more apparent than real."

He: "What do you mean?"

I: "Well, in the first place does not experience teach us that human constancy and fidelity are, to all appearance, apt to be short lived? Memories fade, attachments cease and new ones are formed. You are inconsolable when you first lose a loved one, but time heals the wound almost against your will, and you begin to wonder whether there is anything stable and lasting in human nature."

He: "But that is what I said."

I: "Not quite. Let me finish. The new psychology has demonstrated that nothing we have once known is ever really lost or forgotten; it may be transformed, deepened, purified, but not destroyed. Every feeling, every affinity we have ever had can be revived. This is beyond doubt."

He: "What is it that remembers?"

I: "The soul. Recall Tennyson's line:

> "We all are changed by slow degrees,
> All but the basis of the soul."

He: "If I could but believe that it would be a great comfort to me. What effect has death upon this soul memory?"

I: "That of waking to a new and brighter day. We are glad to remember and to understand."

He: "How do you know?"

I: "At heart no one doubts it. We know it is the truth."

JONES THE JUGGLER

A "RISE" FOR A RASCAL

Traps for the Kind-Hearted

"WOULD anyone financially assist educated man of good business ability to rise after a fall," ran an advertisement which appeared a month or two ago in a daily paper.

One of our readers, anxious to extend a helping hand to anyone in trouble, replied to the advertisement, and was favoured by a visit from Mr. Horace Aston Jones, of 40, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, S.W.

Mr. Jones is a cripple, and told a very plausible tale. It appears that he was connected with a company called the British Industrial Caterers, Ltd., which was temporarily on the rocks owing to lack of capital and assets.

The object of Mr. Jones in inserting the advertisement was to obtain sufficient money to revive his dormant company, and he pointed out at the interview in question that if enough money was forthcoming he was confident that his company would do a prosperous business.

Our reader was extremely interested, and the physical disability of Mr. Jones greatly impressed him.

How the trouble began

The objects of the British Industrial Caterers, Ltd., also seemed reasonable enough—the installation of canteens at various factories and business houses—and our reader agreed to finance the concern, and thus to help Mr. Jones to rise after his fall.

Premises were taken at Berners Street, Oxford Street, and our reader paid a month's rent in advance.

A banking account was opened at the Westminster Bank, and in due course a number of canteens were opened for the benefit of employees in various business firms.

Jones set about the work of managing these places, and it was part of his duty to receive the takings on behalf of the company and to bank them.

Everything seemed to go on all right for a time, until suddenly discrepancies began to appear in the accounts. It was also discovered by our reader that certain vital documents were missing.

The cause of the fall

One of the interesting exploits of Mr. Jones was to cash a cheque for £8 through a tradesman. The cheque was dishonoured because it required two signatures. It only bore the name of Jones, but the unsuspecting tradesman did not, of course, know that the account was a joint one, and unwittingly paid the amount over.

The books kept by Jones are in a terrible state, and a large number of debts have been incurred in the name of the company, about which our reader can, therefore, find no adequate particulars.

During the time most of the trouble occurred our reader was ill, but since his recovery he has constantly asked Jones to assist him in ascertaining how the leakage in funds has come about.

For some reason, however, Mr. Jones prefers to make excuses, and our reader is, therefore, left alone in the task of saving the revived company from another fall after its temporary rise and is doing his best to pay the creditors in full.

Investigating the career of Mr. Jones, we are not surprised at this turn of events. His life would appear to be made up of rises and falls.

The British Industrial Caterers, Ltd., was formed in 1923, but ceased to function in 1924. The reason, we find, is quite simple—Mr. Horace Aston Jones was sent to jail for twenty-two months for obtaining money by false pretences!

A fall indeed. But he rose again. This was on the occasion when he got in touch with our reader, who to-day is well over £200 out of pocket through his association with enterprising Horace.

In addition to this, he is being inundated with bills from creditors of the company, to which also the genial Jones owes considerable sums of money.

Nor is that all. We find that this slippery customer has been rising and falling, slipping down here and tripping up there, for a number of years.

In July, 1922, for instance, he received fifteen months in the second division for obtaining money by false pretences; and in all, since 1906, has been in and out of jail about half a dozen times.

He has no means of his own, but he contrives to lead a pleasant sort of life in the West End, using the best hotels, rising to great heights in the pleasant occupation of entertaining friends, and falling quite irretrievably when it comes to the question of paying accounts.

Riding for another fall

In these circumstances, we fail to see, and we think our readers will agree with us, why Mr. Horace Aston Jones should not fall again—this time we hope pretty heavily.

A Company Wangle

Suspicious Connections

WE advise our readers to proceed with caution should they contemplate dealing with Fletcher & Company, of 23, St. Mary Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth.

Fletcher & Company is a trading name for an enterprising lady named Evelyn Blanche Williams, who appears to have set out to do wonderful things in the housing line.

But who is Evelyn Blanche Williams? Our enquiries have confirmed beyond doubt that she is a lady who was recently connected with a notorious concern called The British Economy Association.

* * *

Evelyn Blanche Williams, of Fletcher & Company, has a manager who seems to have much in common with her. He is a gentleman named William James Cordwell, and, strange to relate, he was also managing director of the British Economy Society, while Evelyn Blanche was his secretary!

And, oddly enough, the British Economy Society, like the newly-fledged Fletcher & Company, also set out to provide houses for the homeless!

* * *

It did not succeed, but Cordwell, in the name of the society, obtained something like £13,000 from harassed homeseekers as deposits towards the cost of houses to be built for them.

Most of this money was frittered away in handsome salaries and "expenses," and very few houses were actually built. The society is now in liquidation, and the Official Receiver attributes its failure to mismanagement and negligence.

Another man, named Lionel Grant, was associated with Cordwell in this venture, and he also went to Plymouth when Fletcher & Company sprang into being.

But he got into trouble there, and Miss Williams has just prosecuted him for stealing money from her, though her manager, Cordwell, actually gave the important evidence.

Grant's explanation was that salary was owing to him in respect of work he had done for The British Economy Society, and he helped himself to cash that he considered was his due.

Cordwell contended that no money was due from Fletcher & Company, which is true enough; but what of The British Economy Society, whose creditors are legion?

* * *

Cordwell, who passes as "manager" of Fletcher & Company, is an undischarged bankrupt, and his exploits with Miss Williams in connection with The British Economy Society inspire little confidence in the concern now operating at Plymouth.

For, after all, isn't it too much to hope that the topsy-turvy policy of promoting the former secretary to be boss over the former managing director, will make the partnership any more successful?

Burroughs' Big Bluff

A Challenge Answered

FROM time to time we have referred in these columns to an extremely enterprising gentleman named Frederick Burroughs, of 27, Stuart Road, Peckham Rye.

Mr. Burroughs has run several businesses, and to give a detailed list of his various shady activities would take up a considerable amount of space. Suffice it to say that we have criticised almost every venture he has engaged in.

For he has been in the habit of lifting money from the public by doubtful means for some years, trading in a variety of names.

As Burroughs and Cornelius, as Burroughs and Godfrey, as Burroughs' Wireless Agency, and under numerous other titles, he has fleeced people right and left. His addresses also have been almost as numerous as his aliases.

"Some" heading

Only the other week we found it necessary to issue a further warning to the public, and Mr. Burroughs appears to be very annoyed with us.

He has favoured us with an extremely interesting communication, headed "JOHN BULL's Blatent, Blunderous Bloomer—Pillings Preposterous, Piffling, Pernicious Patter—Versatile, vindictive, vicious and Vapid."

We cannot but praise Mr. Burroughs for taking the trouble to think out such a splendid heading for his epistle. But we must add that we are ignorant as to what he means by "Pillings," and also that his spelling of "blatent" does not agree with our dictionary.

In alarming phraseology, Mr. Burroughs defies us to say anything further about him. According to him all our articles are "libellous" and our editor is a "hypocritical nonentity."

Under the lash of this language we tremble to think what Mr. Burroughs might do to us next. He declares that he is entitled to damages, and is prepared to contribute £5 to King's College Hospital if we can prove that our statements are true.

We hasten to say that we should be only too glad to repeat all we have said about Burroughs in the past if space permitted, and we venture to think that the authorities of King's College Hospital would have too much respect for their good name to accept his money.

Abuse and threats

Let it be understood, once and for all, that Burroughs is a common swindler, who in one name or another, has been victimising unsuspecting people for years.

Abusive letters, and threats of libel actions, will not deter us from printing articles to protect the public.

And while warning people to give Burroughs a wide berth, we would inform him that the Royal Courts of Justice, where libel actions are heard, are in the Strand.

Prison Bars for Baby

A Scandalous Sentence

CONSIDERABLE indignation has been aroused in Durham by the unhappy spectacle of a young woman going to prison with a baby in her arms.

The unfortunate woman is Ellen Rutherford, the wife of a miner, and she was found guilty at Stanley Petty Sessions of having obtained nine-pennyworth of treacle by false pretences, and of having attempted to obtain 4 lbs. of tea similarly.

She was sentenced to a month's imprisonment on each charge, the sentences to run concurrently, and was forced to take her eleven-months-old baby with her to Durham prison. It was felt that the infant would be better with its mother.

Poverty's victim

We do not doubt that the child required motherly care, but it is scandalous that it should have to go to prison to get it.

Considering all the circumstances, we are bound to protest that Mrs. Rutherford has been very harshly dealt with. In the first place, it was her first offence, and we are constantly deploring the harshness of branding first offenders with the prison stigma.

Secondly, apart from having to take her baby to prison, she has had to leave her other children in sorry circumstances. They are a little girl and boy, aged two and five respectively, and they are both suffering from whooping-cough.

Surely they were equally in need of motherly care and attention, and to deprive them of it strikes us as being as great a scandal as sending an eleven-months-old baby to jail.

But there are other grounds on which Mrs. Rutherford was entitled to some consideration and leniency. The circumstances in which her offence came to be committed are such that only the most heartless would condemn her.

Her husband had been unemployed for five months, and they were living with their three children in the direst poverty. They shared two rooms with Mr. Rutherford's sister, whose family numbered eight.

In a moment of desperation, Mrs. Rutherford altered a food voucher that had been given her by the relieving officer. Who can deny the terrible temptation to which this poor young mother was subjected?

The first slip

She stepped aside from the straight path for the first time in her life, and obtained nine-pennyworth of syrup! She had never been in the slightest trouble before. At one time she had been employed in the Post Office, and had a splendid character.

Yet all these considerations did not move the authorities to show compassion. It is a tragic scandal that this poor woman and her baby should be incarcerated within prison walls, and we appeal for their immediate release. We have already made strong representations to the Home Office on their behalf.

BARONESS IN BAD COMPANY

A WOMAN WHO HATES WOMEN

A Nineteen-Year-Old's Nerve

SOCIETY papers and certain organs of the general Press have lately contained photographs and write-ups of a very interesting woman, known as the Baroness De Beck, who divides her attention between running a wine business and conducting a club for City men in Aldermanbury.

One weekly paper recently published an article by the baroness entitled "I Don't Like Women!" in which this nineteen-year-old business woman expounded her views on men and women. "It is not a difficult thing to run a business," declares the baroness.

"Men have been doing it for centuries and making it as delightful as a hobby. It only needs some grasp of affairs, a certain amount of efficiency, and a love of it. Yet, to hear business women talk, you would think they had invented it yesterday."

"Famous"—but not in England

Well, the baroness should know, for does she not run her wine business of Baron De Beck and Co., Ltd., at 133, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3? And have not paragraphs appeared in the press about her associations with the Whittington Club, in Aldermanbury, E.C.2? And is she not the only woman winetaster in England?

Very well, then, respect the wisdom of nineteen summers!

According to certain Press notices, the baroness inherited her "papal" title, together with the wine business, from her uncle, Baron De Beck, "the famous wine merchant."

Our own investigations certainly confirm that, until recently, this very engaging woman was known as plain Marianna De Beck; but evidence is lacking concerning the famous uncle.

As a matter of fact, the firm of Baron De Beck and Co., Ltd., only came to life in October last, and it was founded by a man named Frank Clark.

This gentleman is at present a fugitive from justice.

A bogus burglary

Frank Clark is a heartless scoundrel. He posed as a "joint stock company specialist" with offices in the City, and has a very illuminating career.

In one instance a lady, financially embarrassed, recently got in touch with him through an advertisement, and told him that she needed funds to carry on her dressmaking business.

Clark promptly suggested that he could save the situation by turning it into a limited liability company for her.

A plausible and clever rascal, he soon got the innocent and unsuspecting woman in his power. He introduced her to a moneylender and negotiated for her a loan. Then he extracted some of the money from her by specious excuses.

Finding that she was very urgently in need of money, and that creditors were pressing her from all sides, he induced her to arrange to have a bogus burglary at her premises, and to put in a false claim upon an insurance company in connection with it.

Left to face the music

Clark carried out the work of disposing of the property supposed to have been stolen. In a basement in the Westbourne Park district he wrapped the proceeds of the bogus burglary—silk dresses and articles of lingerie, etc,—into various parcels, and told the lady not to worry as everything would be all right.

Frank Clark

The police got on their track, and both were arrested. At the preliminary hearing they were admitted to bail. During the interval Clark (who was already receiving the attentions of police officers in connection with other matters) disappeared, and left the woman to face the ordeal alone.

At the London Sessions it was found that she had been under the influence of a very plausible scoundrel and was let off.

Clark has not yet been brought to book, but to-day a warrant is out for his arrest. So far he has eluded justice.

A blow for the baroness

But here we reproduce his picture, and hope that, as a result, he will be arrested and made to pay the penalties of his heartless crimes.

This, then, is the man who, with Baroness De Beck, was one of the first directors of the company known as Baron De Beck and Co., Ltd.

Of course, we have no wish to suggest that the baroness was aware of the criminal propensities of Mr. Clark. As a matter of fact, we feel sure she was not.

But it must have been a very bitter blow to this extremely ambitious business woman to find that her first co-director in Baron De Beck and Co., Ltd., was such a nasty person.

But let us proceed.

One might have expected the business inherited from a famous uncle to have substantial capital behind it, but reference to Somerset House shows the nominal capital to be £200 in 2s. shares.

Further, it appears from the company's file that only 506 shares have been alloted,

So, therefore, the ready-money capital of Baron De Beck and Co., Ltd., assuming that all these shares have been paid for, is the gigantic sum of £50 12s.

Now amongst the people associated with the baroness in her business ventures is, we find, a person named Captain Philip Timbrell Stanley.

Here the mystery deepens. A gentleman who recently answered an advertisement for a "position of trust" got into touch with Baron De Beck and Co. and was interviewed by Captain Stanley.

Captain Stanley described himself as the manager of the Whittington Club, and invited the applicant to invest £100 in return for a position.

Our reader had not got £100, and Stanley very kindly said that £50 would do.

The fact that he finally accepted £10 would suggest that he was desperately in need of cash.

A disastrous record

Captain Stanley, as a matter of fact, is fast growing notorious in such propositions.

He was until recently associated with a notorious ramp called the "Templars' Club." This club was formed for the purpose of social intercourse between members of various professions.

It got its furniture on the hire system, most of its capital from employees on the investment-with-employment plan, its wines and goods on credit, and has now failed with heavy liabilities!

Both Captain Stanley and a person by the name of Captain St. John Ronaldson (against whom a receiving order in bankruptcy was recently made) played conspicuous parts in the events which led up to the failure of this concern, in which many poor people have lost their all.

An unfortunate start

Apart from the Templars' Club scandal, Stanley has been connected with other dubious concerns, one of which was called the Imperial Settlement League, in which a number of ex-officers lost their life-savings.

We are sorry that the baroness, who has received so much salutary publicity about her commercial activities, has people like Stanley associated with her at the beginning of her much-boomed business career. For Stanley's record, to say the least leaves much to be desired.

Look back, for a moment, to the words used by the baroness in the article written by her which we quoted at the beginning of this story, "It is not a difficult thing to run a business, it only needs some grasp of affairs." That is true enough. But has she herself got that grasp.

BANG GOES THE "BAMBROOM"!

ALL WORK BUT NO PAY

Hospital Ballot Scandal

IN September last year several women were sent by the Wood Green Employment Exchange to a Mr. John W. Mallard, Sales and Publicity Service, 3-4, Cheapside, London, E.C.2. This gentleman engaged them forthwith to sell tickets for the Sportsman's Ballot, in aid of St. Thomas' Hospital.

If there was a sound system of official enquiry before introducing out-of-work employees to prospective employers these unfortunate women might have been saved a great deal of worry and anxiety.

We are ever deploring the practice of sending people to employers whose credentials have not been thoroughly investigated.

Investigation in this instance would have shown that John W. Mallard was by no means an ideal employer. However, the women from Wood Green were given no counsel, and took up their duties in complete ignorance.

From selling the Sportsman's Ballot tickets they went on to selling those for the Silver Star Ballot, and later were sent round canvassing for orders in respect of an article known as the "Bambroom."

A startling intimation

So far as the ballot tickets were concerned, these canvassers received their salary and commission fairly frequently, but they did not receive their expenses.

With regard to the "Bambroom," a combined cleaner and polisher, the understanding was that the canvassers were to receive salary and commission.

At the end of the first week's canvassing for this article there was some trouble about the payment of salaries. In the following week, however, these salaries were paid by cheque to the supervisors, and the canvassers received intimation that something was amiss, not receiving their pay until the following week, and for the last week's work many canvassers received no salary at all.

That saw the end of the "Bambroom" venture, and the unfortunate canvassers found themselves out of employment once again.

An interesting proposition

To add to their troubles, it was discovered that though Mallard had stopped 1s. 1d. a week for health and unemployment insurance, he had failed to stamp their cards, and they were consequently unable to draw any unemployment relief.

It was at this juncture that complaints were made to us, and we lost no time in looking into the matter.

Our investigations show that 25,008 tickets for the St. Thomas' Hospital Ballot are still outstanding against Mallard's name, and that he is only credited with having returned £8 12s. 6d. in cash.

These tickets were half-a-crown ones, so if he sold them all, Mallard is indebted to the hospital in a very considerable sum.

One may perhaps wonder why the hospital authorities appointed Mallard as an agent without proper investigation, but, apparently, they were very lax in this respect, as in one instance they actually appointed a common betting-system sharp.

This scandalous laxity probably explains why the ballot was a complete fiasco, resulting in a deficit of over £1,000.

But to return to Mr. Mallard. This gentleman was soon very actively engaged in another direction.

In February this year he sent out postcards to several of his former employees, stating that he had an interesting proposition to place before them, and asking them to call at his office at 10.30 a.m. the following day.

Several of these people answered this call, some of them coming from outlying suburbs at no small expense in the matter of fares. It was a very wet day, and these unfortunate men and women were forced to wait in the rain from 10.30 till 1.45 before Mallard deigned to see them.

Then "the interesting proposition" which he placed before them was the selling of sketches of the Prince of Wales in aid of the Prince of Wales' Hospital at Tottenham, on a commission basis.

Convenient omission

He made no reference whatever to the salaries that were due to them for previous services, but handed them blank insurance cards, saying that they could now draw the "dole" as he had made arrangements about stamping the cards with the Ministry of Health.

Reference to the Ministry, however, failed to confirm this statement, and once again we were asked to look into the matter.

We are able to state that Mallard has no authority to sell these sketches on behalf of the Prince of Wales' Hospital. He certainly put the scheme forward for the approval of the secretary of the institution, but this was never granted.

We suggest to Mr. John W. Mallard that he curbs his activities somewhat. Before proceeding to run schemes for the welfare of others, it would be better for him to make a serious attempt to straighten out his own affairs.

Pitfalls for Innocents

Slave Gang at Work

AN organised attempt is being made all over the world, by an international gang of white slavers, to lure innocent girls abroad. At the present time the headquarters are in Paris, but it has agents in most countries.

A few days ago three men were arrested at Boulogne. With them were five girls, two under the age of twenty-one. The party was on its way to Paris, and the intended fate of the girls is significant, as the men were all white slavers!

* * *

A man named Dahl recently advertised in the Norwegian papers for a young lady as travelling companion for a small family going to France.

Over a hundred girls were gathered together by Dahl, who used several addresses for the purpose, and were all asked to sign contracts to travel to Paris. In the nick of time the girls were warned that Dahl was a prominent figure in white slave circles.

Dahl promptly disappeared! It is thought that, in an assumed name, he has taken a boat across the North Sea to an unknown destination. We sincerely hope that our ports will be specially watched.

The National Vigilance Association is inundated with cases where English girls are induced to go abroad with white-slave traffickers. There is, for instance, a Liverpool girl who, fascinated by an American, went through a bogus marriage ceremony with him at Manchester.

Enticing her to stow away on his ship, her "husband" was forced to disclose her presence, with the result that both were landed on an island in the Bahamas!

* * *

There, unable to stand the conduct of her "husband," she fortunately came across a lighthouse-keeper who took her to some Sisters of Mercy, and through their good efforts she managed to get back to Liverpool.

The credulity of this girl shows how easy it is for young women nowadays to get into the hands of white slavers.

* * *

A number of white girls were recently interviewed by the police whilst passing through Spain on their way to Buenos Ayres. They had been recruited from all parts of Europe.

All had contracts under which money was to be advanced to their parents from their wages, and everything looked as though they were going to bona-fide positions in South America.

The French Consul at Barcelona intervened, with the result that there has now been a general round-up of white slave agents.

We strongly urge all young girls, and all parents, to regard with suspicion every advertisement which offers good positions abroad, and only to accept such after the most searching enquiry.

Some Shady Sharks

Impudent Propositions

IT is very significant that the general Press is at last taking an interest in the various American and Canadian sharks who are searching England for "greenhorns."

As usual, however, the newspapers to which we refer have come in at the death, and are urging—now that Parliament is inclined to look favourably upon the matter—the need for the practical legislation which JOHN BULL has been trying to bring about.

But Parliament, even though it is sympathetic now, will be months talking before it acts, and it is therefore necessary for us to continue criticising, by name and not by inference, all such sharks who seek to impose upon the British public.

We particularly warn investors against a concern called Stocks and Investments, Ltd., of Astor House, Aldwych, W.C. The people behind this firm are boosting the shares of a company called The Angola Oilfields, Ltd., and are endeavouring to sell them at their par value.

Saucy statements

The inducement appears to be that certain financiers associated with Stocks and Investments, Ltd., are carrying out secret negotiations with Angola Oilfields which will be of the greatest possible benefit to the shareholders concerned.

As a matter of fact, Stocks and Investments, Ltd., has no right to make such statements, and the Angola Oilfields, Ltd., of which Sir Edward Manville is the head, disclaims all knowledge of the former company, and says that the claims made by it are entirely false.

When we disclose the fact that Stocks and Investments, Ltd., is a dummy concern, registered only a few weeks ago, and possesses a ready-money capital of only £2, we think we have said enough to show readers why they should discard its circulars.

Meantime, we suggest to the directors of Stocks and Investments, Ltd.—they are Messrs. E. B. Howard and W. Kern—that they had better be careful as to the accuracy of statements made on their behalf.

Another concern about which we are receiving a number of enquiries is the "Investment Trust Company of Great Britain and United States." Two persons, named M. Summers and A. Lane, are stated to be the "London directors" of this concern, with offices at 97, Mortimer Street, W.1.

A bad combination

The Investment Trust Company, which is not registered at Somerset House, is busy circularising people urging them to exchange shares they hold in the Crude Oil Engines, Ltd.—a notorious company in liquidation—for shares in the Investment Trust Company.

As the value of the shares in the unknown Trust Company is not ascertainable, and as the shares in The Crude Oil Engines, Ltd., are worthless, the proposition of this Mortimer Street concern is very crude indeed.

Circulars to Burn

Merry Gang of Money-mongers

PEOPLE who receive tipster's advertisements, moneylenders' circulars, objectionable pamphlets and other miscellaneous rubbish through the post need wonder no longer how their names and addresses have been obtained.

They emanate in the first place from people like E. L. Reeves, a gentleman in U.S.A., who offers the names and addresses of fifty rural ladies "never sold before" for 50 cents.

To induce people to purchase this information he also offers "snappy" postcards and formulas.

From pamphlets which we have before us, it appears that these lists are secured by people who style themselves "circular mailers."

A black list

There are many of this fraternity who do good business by sending out batches of circulars broadcast, for which service they are paid at the rate of 1s. per 100.

Among these gentry we find Fredk. Nichols, Alma Street, Merthyr; B. Wilock, Treeton, Rotherham; M. L. and L. Toumazeau, 35, Plumstead Road, Woolwich, S.E. 18, and a whole host of others in various parts of London and the provinces.

Among the slush sent out quite recently by these mailers and their friends we find numerous advertisements of wonderful money-making plans, secret formulas and mail-order "newspapers," and we can assure our readers that none of this kind of publicity is worth a brass button.

A list of so-called Continental novelties is published by Wright's Commercial Agencies, in a Northern town.

Beautifully coloured French photos, sex detectors, novelty flowers and opera glasses with secret views are a few of the items to which our postal authorities should direct special attention.

The distribution of this filth should be strictly prohibited.

We also suggest to the Post Office that all mails coming from a gentleman named E. Raveleau, of Paris, should be opened for inspection.

Sharks and mugs

His advertisements are by no means healthy, and the goods which he is so anxious to dispose of are of a nature calculated to corrupt the youth of this country.

We have purposely omitted the addresses of the two concerns mentioned, for we have no intention of advertising their salacious business.

The Post Office, however, ought to know them, and if their intelligence service wishes assistance our information is at their service.

We wonder how many mugs answer these various advertisements? The ever-increasing number of sharks suggests that the field is a very profitable one, and once again we advise the public to ignore any offers which come to them through the medium of "circular mailers."

THE ANGEL OF S.W.6

A WOMAN'S SPLENDID GIFT

Three Wonderful Stories

LAST week we were able to make a brief announcement of the receipt of an anonymous gift of £200 to be shared between the persons mentioned in two recent cases of hardship which we thought sufficiently tragic to merit comment.

We can now give fuller details. The story is one of noble generosity on the part of a selfless woman whose identity is even now unknown to us, and of happiness unexpectedly brought to two homes on which it seemed that misery had settled for good.

And we are happy to add an account of another anonymous gift received these last few days, differing in circumstances, but made in the same splendid spirit.

Our readers will recall our account of the desperate plight of Albert George Goodall and his wife, of Middlesex Wharf, Lea Bridge. We described the account as the "Dolour of the Dole," and it was no misstatement.

It would be hard to find a more terrible instance of how the soulless brutality of the official machine administering unemployment relief may crush to the earth those for whose sake it was created.

Starving to death

The Goodalls, a young couple of only nineteen and twenty-one, were slowly starving to death. So, too, was their baby, but for the kindness of the nurses at Queen's Hospital, where special nourishment was given to keep life in the stunted and emaciated little frame.

Unemployment relief was withdrawn from the husband and denied the wife. He, they said, in spite of his boots, worn to tatters in his unending tramp for a job, was "not genuinely seeking work"! She, offered the alternatives of domestic service with a wage or her baby's life with nothing, chose the latter.

It was for the Goodalls that the first £100, accompanied by an unsigned letter written in a woman's hand, was sent. Within a hour, an instalment of £5 was in the hands of the young couple.

Heartrending picture

A poignant sight met the eyes of our representative who took them the good news. The one-roomed home was stripped of everything save the bed and a stick or two of furniture. In a corner sat the haggard mother, attempting to soothe the crying mite at her breast who sought for nourishment where there was none.

The husband, dispirited and beaten, gazed into an empty grate. He was not "genuinely looking for work." It was Saturday afternoon, when the factories were closed, and he was at liberty to "rest."

He was the first to speak when our representative announced that he had good news. He looked up quickly and said, "Is it a job?" We commend that remark to the attention of certain employment exchange officials.

When he was told that £100 had been sent him, he did not believe it, and Mrs. Goodall remarked pathetically, "You wouldn't make a fool of us!"

First thought for others

And when they did realise that it was indeed true, and could find their voices, Goodall's first suggestion was that £20 should be given to the "Greatest of These—" Fund, from which a small grant had already been made!

Mr. and Mrs. Goodall, from a portrait taken in happier days

It would have gladdened the heart of their benefactress whom we may call the "Nameless Angel of S.W.6" (for that is the postal district where her envelope was registered), to see the scene that followed. There was new life put into that young couple and new hope.

First thoughts were for the baby. A large-sized tin of a certain artificial food, the only one that the little thing can take, was sent for.

The greatest treasure

The father disappeared for ten minutes, and came back with a hitherto unattainable luxury that they had cast wistful eyes upon through the door of a neighbouring shop—a second-hand pram.

And what next? Only the very poor would guess it. The wedding-ring was redeemed from pawn. That is always the last thing to go, and the first to come back.

Then came the stocking of the larder. A rabbit was bought for the Sunday dinner—the first Sunday dinner for months—and two loaves of bread.

Imagine having *two* loaves in the cupboard at the same time, and big loaves at that!

To this there was added a pound of real butter, and, to complete the groaning board, a pot of genuine jam.

There was even talk of a warm new jumper for the young mother, and all sorts of woollies for the baby, before our representative left!

So to the recipient of the second £100 windfall. In this case we cannot give the name, nor do we think it expedient to hint at the locality. Suffice it to say that Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, the famous surgeon, who has personal knowledge of the case, has agreed that it is a tragic one.

"Humanist" told the story in his page, under the title of "Dragged Down by Drugs." The woman, who by sheer will-power conquered the morphine habit, but was ruined in the process through the loss of her occupation, is a vivacious lady of fifty.

She comes of a once well-known family of variety artistes and her addiction to the drug habit was the sequel to several terrible operations. Her only income is the parish relief, so it will be realised just what a boon that £100 will be.

It means a little business for her which will not only make her independent, but will help her to forget her own tragic history. Her first thought was that someone more deserving should get the money!

A lot of good in the wo ld

When the point was firmly made that the gift had been sent for her specific case and that we should be neglecting a duty if we allowed it to go elsewhere, she said wistfully: "Well, even if it is my fault that I am where I am, I expect that others might have done the same."

She sent a simple message of gratitude to her benefactress, whom she described as "one of those whose lives are meant to remind some of us who are apt to forget that there is a lot of good in the world."

The third gift we have to announce comes from Eastbourne, from someone whose worthy object is to give a real start in life to a young lad who has fallen early by the way.

A little while back, George Mutimer was guilty of a slight lapse for which he was sent to Camberwell Shelter Home for a year's detention.

Youthful spirits, rather than any criminal tendencies, were the cause of George's downfall, but his parents are poor and he has not yet been able to get his foot on the bottom rung.

From his teachers and others who know him come good reports, and our investigations have convinced us that he is a promising lad who will yet make his way.

A promising start

Our good friend from Eastbourne has now undertaken to defray all expenses in sending him to Canada, where he has relatives, and to provide him with a small sum which will be intact when he gets to the other side.

It is good to be able to record such stories as these. We know that there are thousands of other cases just as deserving in these days of widespread poverty.

But we also know that they join us and the rest of our readers in congratulating those for whom relief has come. and in thanking the two selfless souls who ask no credit for their charity, and who do kind deeds by stealth.

A SNEEZER FOR EBENEZER!

A "ROCKY" CEMENT COMPANY

Poor People Badly Swindled

A WISBECH reader has written to us asking if we will help him to recover some money he has invested—at 10 per cent.!—in a concern called the New Northfleet Portland Cement Co., Ltd.

This company was formed in December, 1921, to take over certain lands and works at Northfleet for the purpose of manufacturing cement there.

One of the first things the company did was to raise a large sum of money on debentures, and our Wisbech reader is one of many who were induced to take up some of the stock, upon which he was given to understand he would make quick and handsome profits.

Everything went well until the profits were due. As they did not come along, he wrote to the company for an explanation, pointing out that the £150 with which he had been induced to part was a very serious matter for him.

But the directors of the New Northfleet Portland Cement Co., Ltd., appear to have hearts and consciences as hard as the cement they are supposed to manufacture, for they did not acknowledge his letter.

Warned and dissolved

For two whole years, indeed, our Wisbech reader has been writing to the company, and for two whole years has been waiting for a reply!

On enquiring into the present whereabouts of the New Northfleet Portland Cement Co., Ltd., we find that they are "not known."

A little while ago the Registrar of Companies warned this concern that certain returns officially required were overdue, and that serious penalties would be imposed if they were not forthcoming.

The registrar's letters, addressed to the company's headquarters—"Deep Water Pier Works, Northfleet"—were returned marked "Gone away." Somerset House has, we find, now "dissolved" the company on the ground that it has "ceased to exist"!

Rogue's "respectability"

We are not surprised to learn this, because some of the people who have been connected with the company from time to time have also been connected for years with a notorious gang of company promoters, operating under the leadership of a scheming old rascal, Ebenezer Cox.

Through the medium of a concern known as the Western Counties Incorporated Trust, Ebenezer Cox has boosted an amazing number of bogus companies, in which the public has lost thousands of pounds.

At the present moment, however, the Western Counties Incorporated Trust is without its leader. Ebenezer Cox, alias Holman Cox, has just gone to jail for three months.

But not as a result of his infamous swindling of unfortunate dupes whom he has interested in his rubbishy companies. He has been sentenced as a first-class misdemeanant for obtaining stationery on credit without disclosing the fact that he was an undischarged bankrupt!

And an additional touch of irony was added to this sentence by the comment of Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., the Recorder of London, who observed that he "was sorry to see a man of the defendant's *apparent respectability* in such a position."

"Apparent respectability" is good in view of the fact that we have exposed Ebenezer for years past.

The Demerara Sugar Estates, Ltd., and the Arctic and Cold Storage Co. are two of Cox's concerns which come to mind at once, but they are only two out of a long list of bogus companies, all of which have been severely criticised by us.

It is also within our knowledge that at least one detective has been following the movements of Ebenezer Cox for the past two years.

He has travelled up and down the country, interviewing numerous people who have lost money in Cox's concerns, but has never been able—owing to the scandalous state of the company laws—to obtain sufficient evidence to lay this habitual swindler by the heels.

Fresh start easy

It is a great scandal, to say the least of it, that the police have only been able to apprehend Cox on a trivial charge. And when he comes out of jail, what is to prevent him from boosting some fresh concern which, like the cement company, may lift money from the public and then "go away"?

Grave Railway Injustice

Ruin for an Innocent Man

FOR nearly three years Ernest John Fordham, of 26, Eustace Road, Chadwell Heath, has been fighting against fearful odds in a gallant attempt to clear his name of the slur which has been cast upon it through his dismissal by the L.N.E. Railway Company.

Early in 1923 Fordham was employed as a goods guard at Millwall Junction, Poplar.

On February 26 a forequarter of beef, which had been stolen from one of the meat vans in the yard, was discovered in Fordham's brake-van.

Although another man had already been arrested for this theft, Fordham was also taken into custody and charged at the Thames Police Court with stealing and receiving the meat. He was subsequently tried for the offence at the Central Criminal Court, and was honourably acquitted.

* * *

A week after his acquittal, Fordham was astounded to receive a letter from the divisional superintendent of the L.N.E.R., stating that his services would not be required after the expiration of seven days.

Pressed to give an explanation for his summary action, the official refused, and Fordham asked for an enquiry.

Meanwhile, the trouble had a serious effect upon the health of Fordham's wife and daughter, and, in his extremity, Fordham was forced to part with many cherished belongings from his home in order to provide ready money.

* * *

Eventually an enquiry was held, but it went against Fordham, and he was informed that the company could not reverse its original decision. He decided to appeal. Fordham put his appeal in writing, and again he was unsuccessful.

Determined to obtain justice at all costs, Fordham instituted proceedings against the company. It meant a long, weary wait for the machinery of the law to function, and the action only came up for hearing in January.

There were two separate cases, one against the L.N.E.R. and another against the G.W.R., from whose van the meat had been stolen.

These were heard before Lord Hewart and a special jury, and again the day went against Fordham. His lordship directed the jury to return a verdict for the G.W.R., and dispensed with their services in the case against the L.N.E.R.

After thoroughly investigating this case, we have no hesitation in declaring that, in our opinion, Fordham has been the victim of harsh injustice.

The fact that he was honourably acquitted in a court of law should surely clear his name completely.

Why, then, if he was proved to be an honourable man, was he summarily dismissed from a company *which he had served faithfully for twenty years?*

It seems that the only contention put forward by the railway company is that he was neglecting his duty by being away from his brake-van.

* * *

We ask them point blank if it is not a fact that, in spite of his title of "goods guard," Fordham was mostly concerned with shunting duties.

And we ask them if it is not also a fact that he was frequently away from his van for long periods, making up trains—*in the course of his duty?*

We certainly think that Fordham's claim for reinstatement is a justified one, and that the attitude of the L.N.E.R. officials will disgust all lovers of fair play.

Two Human Fiends

Cruelty as a Habit

COMMENTING recently upon the ghastly trade of exporting worn-out horses for human consumption, we mentioned, in passing, a case in which a dealer named John Cart had been fined £25 and sent to jail for three months.

John Cart's offence was extreme cruelty to a mare, and our subsequent special investigation of the case reveals a terrible record of habitual cruelty.

For years past John Cart and his brother Arthur have been carrying on business as horse and cattle dealers, and, between them, they are able to boast the amazing total of no fewer than seventy-eight convictions for cruelty and other offences.

As long ago as 1888, Arthur Cart, who is really the worse offender, was convicted at Leicester Petty Sessions for a breach of the peace. Since then he has had over thirty convictions, six for cruelty to horses. In 1924 he received the maximum sentence of three months' hard labour and was fined £50 for ill-treating a horse.

A horrible record

John Cart, who has many aliases, including that of Palmer, boasts the greater number of convictions for cruelty to animals, but he would appear to be more of a tool and scapegoat. He first came under the notice of the law as far back as 1900.

This combined record of two human fiends must fill all animal-lovers with indignation. There has been much discussion recently regarding the proposal to grant magistrates greater powers in awarding the "cat."

Possibly an application of the lash might have a salutary effect, but we venture to think that a more wholesome form of correction would be a punishment to fit the crime.

We wonder how Arthur and John Cart would feel if they were whipped along a road when suffering from crippled legs? And how would John like to travel in an open cattle-truck, without food or water at the journey's end?

And if Arthur was suffering from an injured ankle, how would he like to be dragged along behind a cart for miles on end?

Sentences too soft

These may sound brutal punishments, but they are merely a few of the atrocities perpetrated by these two brothers when handling horses.

It is clear that sentences which magistrates are permitted to pass in such cases are totally ineffectual in curbing the lust for cruelty which seems to be deep-rooted in people of the Cart ilk.

But, in addition to revising the scale of punishments for offences of cruelty, it seems desirable that the law should also be amended to make it impossible for habitual offenders to continue in any business which involves the handling of dumb animals.

Tied to a Powder Barrel

by Major-General SIR F. MAURICE, K.C.M.G.

SOMETHING has gone wrong with the League of Nations. In spite of its efforts, in spite of pacts and agreements, the fever of war is spreading. Peace may be talked about, but war is prepared for. The people must rouse up and vehemently demand peace

THE taxpayer is being unpleasantly reminded by the appearance of the estimates for the Navy, Army and Air Service that he has to find a round sum of £120,000,000 a year for defence.

He does not need to be told that our present taxation is a tremendous burden on industry, and he is naturally disappointed after all the talk he has heard of drastic economies, and all the gush which followed the signing of the Locarno Pact, to find that there is very little difference in the bill which he has to meet for the fighting Services.

Anyone in the Admiralty, the War Office and the Air Ministry will tell him that the fighting Services have been pared down to the bone. Yet the fact remains that we are paying about as much for defence to-day as we did on the eve of the Great War.

In 1913–14 our fighting Services cost us £79,000,000 a year, and if we take £3 5s. of pre-war money as about the equivalent of £5 to-day, we are now paying just about the same, though the German fleet is at the bottom of the sea and the German army is less than one-eighth as strong as it was before the war.

Wasted effort

Why? One reason is that wages have gone up in the Services just as they have in industry; another is that, as the result of war experiences, we have to maintain new and costly weapons.

But the most important reason of all is that despite the League of Nations, despite the Locarno Pact, despite the welcome appearance of Germany at Geneva, the world in general and Europe in particular is in a very disturbed state.

The Emperor William's shining armour is no longer in evidence, but Mussolini's clenched fist is flourished in turn in the faces of Greece, Serbia, and Germany.

Imperialist plots, most of them fortunately futile, recur in Hungary, and Hungary's neighbours, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania and Serbia are all watching and ready to pounce; only the other day the League of Nations had to drag Bulgaria and Turkey apart. In fact, in East Central Europe there is little peace and less good will.

But what has all this to do with us? Why should we worry if Poles and Russians, Czechs and Magyars, Italians and Greeks quarrel? Let us leave them and mind our own business.

Britain's big problem

That sounds excellent advice, but unfortunately we cannot, even if we would, put it into practice. We have become, commercially and militarily, much against our wish, but inevitably, a part of the Continent of Europe. Our big economic problem is the falling off in our exports.

"Buy British" is excellent advice for ourselves, but it is much more important for us to make other people buy British, too. In Europe are some of those who used to be our best customers, but they cannot afford to buy our goods if they are spending their money in paying the debts of the last war and in preparing for the next.

We are militarily a part of Europe because our security depends to-day as it never did before upon our keeping peace in those parts of Europe from which aircraft might come to bomb us.

Because of that we have entered at Locarno into an agreement which binds us even more definitely to Europe than did our guarantee of the neutrality of Belgium, which was the direct cause of our entry into the world war.

In order to save money we have postponed our programme for the provision of aeroplanes for peace defence. We were to have had fifty-six squadrons of twelve aeroplanes for home defence; we have now twenty-five squadrons.

France has 1,300 aeroplanes in the service of her army; Italy has embarked upon a great programme of air expansion and has voted money for eighty-nine squadrons of approximately 1,300 machines, the same number as France.

An ominous outlook

Italy is not within bombing range of our shores, but she is casting covetous eyes on Malta, and some of Mussolini's hotheads talk openly of an Italian Mediterranean. The money we pay the Air Ministry is not enough to make us safe in present circumstances.

At sea we are, as far as Europe is concerned, relatively stronger than we have been since Trafalgar, but the Admiralty tell us we must have more cruisers to guard the immensely long sea communications of our Empire.

As to our Army, its strength does not depend upon the strength of the Army of any foreign Power, but upon the garrisons we have to maintain overseas, and overseas there are almost as many dangerous problems as in Europe. Who can tell what the outcome of the present disturbances in China may be?

For all that we spend on the Army we could not to-day mobilise six divisions as we did in August, 1914. There is nothing to be saved there.

Is there no hope for the taxpayer? I believe that there is. Locarno was an excellent beginning, but it was only a beginning. We need to encourage the handling of the many danger-spots in Europe as the Eastern frontier of France was handled.

Direct causes of war

Above all, we need to take up seriously the question of the limitation of armaments. We stand to gain more than most by settling that question. For if nations spend less on armaments they will have more money to buy from us, and if they reduce their armaments we shall need to spend less on ours.

If the number of soldiers that we maintain does not depend upon the number of soldiers in other armies, the number of aeroplanes and battleships does. Both the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Air Minister have, in the last few days, told us that we can make sensible reductions if we can persuade others to make reductions too.

But the best reason of all for limiting armaments is that the accumulation of armaments and competition in armaments were the direct causes of the world war. With Europe in the state in which it was in 1914, if the Archduke had not been murdered something else would have caused the armies to march. War had become inevitable largely because quite a number of people deliberately wanted war and very few of the remainder knew what war was like.

Well, most of us now know what the last war was like. The next will be worse. There will be more machine guns; we had two per thousand men at Mons, we should have nearer twenty-five per thousand to-day. There will be more poison gas, more submarines, and more aeroplanes. The wag who said that in the next war the firing-line would be the safest place was not very far from the truth. It is perhaps hard for us to imagine anything being worse than the last war, and it was bad enough to serve the purpose of making us not wish for another.

Maj.-Gen. Sir F. Maurice, K.C.M.G.

Shelving the question

But wishing is not enough. There is a generation growing up fast which knows little and cares less about the last war, and if we who do know cannot do something to make peace more certain than it is at present, it will be a poor look-out.

We have never taken up this question of limiting armaments seriously enough. Lord Cecil has been working hard at it for the past five years at Geneva, but he has had little public and less official support.

We had the finest air Service in the world at the end of the war and we scrapped 90 per cent. of it. Then we discovered that we were at the mercy of France, which had kept a very fine fleet of aroplanes, so in a panic we started to form air squadrons for home defence.

Having started behind, though we were in front, it costs time and money to catch up, and we have no money to spare. So the end of the matter is that the taxpayer has to foot a big bill and he doesn't even then get safety.

The urge of the people

What we should have done was to use our air fleet to bargain with, offering to cut down as others cut down. Then we should have got economy and security at the same time. Even now it is not too late to do something.

We want to realise that it is not a question of cutting a million or two off the Army and Navy estimates; paring down the fighting Services without reference to the armaments of other countries is both silly and dangerous.

We want a general limitation of armaments and to understand that security and disarmament are European problems in which we have a vital interest.

The League of Nations cannot move unless its members make it move, and the members, that is the Governments, won't move unless the people make them. So it is up to us. If we want peace we have to see about getting peace.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To H.R.H. The PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.,
St. James's Palace. S.W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Your suggestion that the proposed banquet in your honour should be omitted from the official programme of your forthcoming two days' visit to Hull has given the liveliest satisfaction to the ratepayers. In my opinion, it would have shown finer Christian feeling had Hull seen first to the decent housing of its poorest citizens before spending £10,000 on a new banqueting-hall. The action of your Royal Highness also silently rebukes it. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—The fact that 31,000 disabled ex-Service men are still without employment is a national reproach. It is to be hoped that you will lose no time in signifying your assent to the resolution lately passed by both Houses of Parliament demanding that Government contracts should in all but exceptional cases be reserved for firms on the King's Roll. In justice we can do no less. JOHN BULL.

To Viscount GREY,
Fallodon, Northumberland.

DEAR SIR,—After watching every country pile up armaments and perfect preparations for war, your considered testimony is that the effect is precisely the opposite of that intended and desired. There is no security; only a sense of fear increasing yearly. Your words ring true. Coming from a man of your age and experience in international diplomacy, they are a call to the nations to reflect. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ARTHUR PONSONBY, M.P.,
Smith Street, Chelsea.

DEAR SIR,—That two thousand people crowded the Dome, Brighton—the second time in three months—for a peace demonstration is cheering news. It's no good arguing on the eve of war with nations gone mad. People who don't agree with wholesale slaughter as a means of settling statesmen's quarrels must work for peace now.
JOHN BULL.

To Sir W. ARBUTHNOT LANE, C.B., F.R.C.S.,
President, New Health Society.

DEAR SIR,—You declare the object of the body "called the General Medical Council" to be the muzzling of medical men, and say it "does not want the public to be educated." This is telling the truth to some purpose. By insisting that the public shall know the best means of living healthy lives, you are rendering a national service. JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN and DIRECTORS,
London, Midland and Scottish Railway.

DEAR SIRS,—I notice that during last year you carried no fewer than 502,932,982 passengers on your system without one fatal accident. There may be some things which other countries do better than ourselves, but in the safety of our railways we lead the way. May you continue to set forth so good an exhibition of efficient skill and management. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. A. FENNER BROCKWAY,
Secretary, Independent Labour Party.

DEAR SIR,—It seems unsporting to toss Ben Spoor out of the political nest without giving him a hearing. I am puzzled to know how we shall ever get through large measures of reconstruction unless all men and women of good will join forces. To divide into narrow, sectarian groups gets us nowhere. To put it bluntly, it is the same spirit that lit the fires of Smithfield.
JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. JUSTICE WRIGHT,
Royal Courts of Justice.

MY LORD,—I am in entire agreement with you that the crime of bigamy calls for a wise discretion on the part of judges in awarding penalties. But what chiefly amazes me is the extraordinary ease with which this offence is consummated. If the fact of a man's marriage were endorsed on his birth certificate, this document to be produced on any second application for marriage, the work of his Majesty's judges would be considerably lightened. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. H. C. A. BINGLEY,
Marylebone Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—You took the right and humane course in refusing to convict two poor fellows charged with playing a street organ "for the purpose of gathering alms," one man being legless. Their "music" may be an awful nuisance, as you point out, but fining such poor creatures or clapping them in jail won't help it. A man without legs ought to be placed in a charitable institution, not left to pick up a living in the streets.
JOHN BULL.

To Alderman F. M. VOKES,
Southampton.

DEAR SIR,—Acting the part of "Old Vokes At Home" on the attainment of your eighty-second birthday, you entertained a party of guests, none of whom was under eighty. As all were residents of Sholing, where "nobody ever dies," you must have been a gay young lot. My best wishes to all of you. It's worth while knowing where life keeps its colour and jollity these days. JOHN BULL.

To WILLIAM NEILL,
Runcorn.

DEAR WILLIAM,—You well deserved the praise bestowed upon you by the Runcorn coroner at the inquest on little Mary Doolan. When this child fell into the Manchester Ship Canal you dived from a high wall to her rescue, and kept attempting to save her until you were dragged ashore unconscious. If this is your spirit at fifteen I shall look to you growing up into a fine chivalrous man. JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN,
The Co-operative Congress.

DEAR SIR,—Following the holding of the Co-operative Congress at Southport in June, 1925, an artificial sunlight department has been installed in the local infirmary. This generous gift is a tribute to the memory of Thomas Blandford, one of your late workers, and it says much for the humanity of co-operators that it has taken this form. To bring back sunshine and health into the lives of the ailing is a kind of memorial of which any man might be proud. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. R. M. WOOLLEY, D.D.,
Minting Rectory, Horncastle.

DEAR SIR,—Speaking out of ten years' experience as examining chaplain, you declare the standard of education among the clergy to be rapidly declining, so that another ten years may see the Church of England served by uneducated men. Greek and Latin are not essential to understand the teaching of Christ or the first disciples would have been differently chosen. To understand the needs of men and women is better than preaching sermons which fly over their heads. If you get men who look on life more than books you may have a living Church. JOHN BULL.

CATCHING THE LIBERAL STRAYS

Straight from the Shoulder

LORD OXFORD:—"Britain ought to set an example to the civilised world that expenditure upon armaments is wasteful and disastrous."

Unless Britain is willing to be destroyed the time has come when she must do so.

SIR P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER:—"We have turned the corner and the future is certain."

Until the Cabinet shows a more decided policy nothing is more uncertain than the future.

MR. A. J. COOK:—"We do not want a struggle."

Then be more careful to refrain from language likely to provoke one.

CAPT. MACMILLAN:—"The only answer to Socialism is to build up a property-owning democracy."

In other words, get the land back if never to get back to the land.

Without Fear or Favour— *—by The Editor*

THE DOOM OF THE "DOLE"

Crime and the Criminal

THE Home Secretary, in a recent speech, expressed the opinion that the time may be approaching when the whole of our penal system will need to come up for revision.

Those monster recurring petitions for the reprieve of murderers which so trouble Sir W. Joynson-Hicks are one proof of the truth of his words.

Another is the indisputable fact that prison, and the prison system of to-day, are proving useless as crime deterrents.

Hardened criminals think no more of going to jail than of any other temporary check to their activities. Young offenders are hardened into old timers by its associations and taints.

The public conscience is uneasy. But there is no cohesion in public thought as to what steps are best to take to remedy the evil, and muddled thinking is leading to illogical action.

Merely to make prison more pleasant is to pander to sentiment rather than seriously to attack the trouble. Learned advocates of the law are as divided in their opinion as the general public.

Some judges frankly advocate a return to flogging as the cure for the worst kind of crime. And this in face of a long prison history which definitely proves that the more brutalised the punishment the more frequent are those crimes which call it forth.

A sound line of attack lies midway between the sentimentalist and the advocates of brutality. The problem of crime is psychological, and it is along the lines of psychology that its solution must be sought.

Our present penal system takes it out of a man. It puts nothing in save resentment. Many criminals are just pathological cases; others are mental. It is the mind that needs altering.

Any penal code that ignores these fundamental truths is foredoomed to failure. The first to take them into account may make a brilliant success.

A Cabinet Duty

THE vigorous recommendations of the Food Council in regard to short weight and other prevalent frauds are in themselves excellent.

It now becomes the duty of Parliament to see that the Cabinet is given no rest until the proposals are embodied in our criminal law.

The plain truth of the matter is that the Food Council has been shocked by its own discoveries.

It has been proved, for instance, that in the retail supply of milk short measure is so general and systematic as to add thousands of pounds annually to the profits of dishonest firms.

In the case of meat, bread, groceries and other household necessities, there was similar evidence of trickery.

Long before the establishment of the Food Council we pointed out those evils and called for drastic remedies. The truth of our charges has now been abundantly confirmed, but our satisfaction will not be complete until the mean frauds exposed in the Food Council's report are made punishable.

The Human Scrap-heap

THE scandal of the "dole" and its cynical administration is a crying reproach to our humanity. The stark tragedy of it all calls to heaven for redress. Is there no man at Westminster?

WE are becoming increasingly disturbed at the callous and unfeeling—we almost wrote "inhuman"—attitude of the Government towards the unemployed.

At all costs it is necessary to show a steadily decreasing figure on what are known as the "live" registers. Each week this decrease is sedulously announced.

We, perhaps, are in as good a position as anyone to know the heartbreaking tragedies that are piling up behind this cold-blooded refusal of benefit to men who are falsely accused of "not genuinely seeking work."

The Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, M.P., Minister of Labour

They come into our office in an unceasing stream—down and out, despairing human wrecks that once were men and would be men again could they get work.

Thanks to the generosity of our readers they get a little hope before they depart again, but the tragedies go on.

The *Daily Mail* is setting up a loud caterwauling about the wicked guardians and talks loudly—and vulgarly—about their "wasteful and extravagant expenditure."

We know, and the *Daily Mail* knows, why out-relief is increasing by leaps and bounds. Denied unemployment benefit, these unfortunate victims of a harebrained Chancellor's mistakes are forced on to the rates.

If the *Daily Mail* would only tell the truth, instead of hiding it, it would reveal the undoubted fact that the increase in out-relief corresponds very exactly with the increase in the number of those struck off the "dole."

HERE is a case for Lord Rothermere to ponder. One of our readers, after serving in the Army for three years, had four years' regular work.

He lost his employment and went to the Labour Exchange. After receiving three weeks' benefit he is stopped with the excuse that he is "not genuinely seeking work."

The fact that he spent all his time answering advertisements, and that not once did the exchange offer him a job of any kind, weighed not one iota with the officials.

He appealed, and, with six others, was sent fifty miles by train. This little excursion cost the Ministry of Labour 84s.—a real case, in our opinion, of "wasteful and extravagant expenditure."

The appeals were turned down. Our reader, you see, was "not genuinely seeking work"—a damnable lie on the face of it.

He persevered in his applications, and at last got a job. He had paid for his "dole," paid regularly for four years, but not one penny could he get back for clothes or anything else.

Whitehall replied coldly, when his parents applied on his behalf, "It is not possible for your son to appeal to the Umpire as such permission was not granted by the Court which heard your son's case."

HERE is one case of the tragedy of unemployment. How many more are there behind the misleading figures of the Government and the impudent sophistry of the *Daily Mail*?

Official cynicism and stark tragedy are walking hand in hand. Day by day the country is drawing nearer and nearer to that point when desperate men may resort to desperate measures to get wrongs righted that cry to heaven for redress.

Is there no man on all the crowded benches at Westminster with the courage to rise up and say that this damnable game must stop?

The Deadly Analysis

TO Mr. Louth, M.P., belongs the honour of having won from Mr. Churchill a confession of how the money squeezed from harassed British taxpayers is spent.

It is all down in *Hansard* for everybody to see, but, unfortunately, everybody does not read *Hansard*. Nor does the average person realise what, in actual point of fact, such vast figures mean to us all. It is this vague obscurity that means security for those who deal in high finance.

Brought down to tintacks there are aspects of the national expenditure which it is criminal for any man and woman keen for the country's welfare to ignore.

Mr. Churchill, with most engaging frankness, circulates the statement as to how much each branch of the military service is costing us, but omits any mention of the taxation per head which goes to the service of the national debt, that monster of finance which hangs round the neck of every man, woman and child like a millstone.

Taking this expenditure, as we must, into consideration with the rest of the military expenditure, for every £75 spent by the national exchequer, out of taxes paid by the people, nearly £61 goes in payment for war, past, present and future.

The result is that while we pay £12 3s. 8½d. per head per annum for war, we have only £2 14s. 1d. per head per annum left to spend on social services.

We are told "we have not got the money" for decent houses, for land reclamation, for road making, for town planning, for children's education, and extensions of the facilities for life.

We have not got it because it is being spent on war. Thus will it always be until the people see that it is altered.

But when once the people are awake to what are really the true issues of life as opposed to the false, the incubus will be shed.

The White Slavers

WE have constantly protested against the suggestion, too often heard, that the white slave traffic is a thing of the past.

The Hayley Morriss case threw a lurid light upon the perils to which young girls are exposed when seeking employment in their own country, while it is no secret that the police have more than once been only just in time to frustrate similar abuses in regard to situations abroad.

The curious thing is that although this scandal, as our own columns have frequently testified, is still rampant, the number of prosecutions for this class of offence is singularly small.

It would be interesting to have an explanation of this disquieting fact. The authorities for some reason or other seem curiously loth to set in motion the machinery of criminal law.

The last White Slave Act contained drastic provisions, but they will remain more or less a dead letter until the police are more alert than at present to put them into force.

The Rich Man's Nightmare

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

CLASS is ranged against class, political Parties are continually squabbling among themselves, the spirit of comradeship is entirely absent. Can it be wondered at, therefore, that a spirit of chaos prevails in the country, and unrest and dissatisfaction are rife?

"If we work in the same spirit shown by the great women in the war, we shall overcome all our troubles."
The Bishop of London

AN old man of my acquaintance, who started life with neither powerful friends nor money, and is now as charitable as he is rich, a benefactor to hundreds of thousands of people, asks me to write this article.

He tells me that what most strikes him with alarm in the present generation is the decay of neighbourliness. It seems to him that the nation is losing what he calls "the personal touch" in its social life.

The old-fashioned and intimate kindness of neighbour to neighbour is becoming the cold commercialism of State aid, or the perfunctory relief of organised charity.

There is too much machinery, and too little humanity, in the fierce and disordered life of our times. The classes, like an ill-matched husband and wife, are drifting apart.

In particular, he asks me to revive the spirit of Octavia Hill among women who have few domestic responsibilities and who are not satisfied in their hearts by the pleasure-seeking of idle people.

A sad contrast

"Octavia Hill," he said, "made rent-collecting an opportunity for getting to know the hearts and homes of the working-classes. She undertook, as a business arrangement, to collect the rents for owners of small properties; and she trained ladies to collect those rents and to get really right alongside of the poor people who paid them.

"In this way she discovered sorrows and troubles which were hidden out of sight, and by loving-kindness and good strong common-sense was able, in many cases, to lift terrible burdens from the shoulders of poor people.

"It was a grand work. It ought to be revived. Indeed, it ought to be one of the main occupations of well-off ladies in every town and city throughout the British Islands."

Again and again he contrasted the days of his youth, when there was a real personal touch between rich and poor, with the present days of mechanical charity and fumbling State action. "Nothing," he insisted, "can ever take the place of a loving and sympathetic heart."

Socialists will answer that in a properly organised State there would be no need for charity of any kind, and that when they have won their battle against selfish capitalism the poor man's tenement will be as free from the insulting and degrading visits of patronising philanthropists as the rich man's house at the present time.

Sordidness of riches

Such an answer betrays a most unfortunate ignorance of human life and human nature. It is the answer of a man who thinks that happiness is to be bought, and that the supreme power in life is money.

As a matter of fact, multitudes of rich people are profoundly unhappy; and love, sympathy, and neighbourliness are as greatly wanted among them as among the poor.

It is just because the life of so many rich people lacks this spiritual touch of true neighbourliness that they themselves are heavy, depressed, solitary, and so pathetically useless.

The more we organise human life, and the more mechanical we make our social existence, the greater will be every heart's need for sympathy and affection.

Let us, however, leave the Socialist to dream his mechanical dream, and to cherish in his heart the embittering animosity of class hatred, and ask ourselves the serious question whether well-off women in our day are capable of self-sacrifice for the poor and of personal devotion to the suffering and sorrowful.

Heart-stirring courage

In dedicating a memorial chapel to brave women who served their country in the war, the Bishop of London related the other day instances of courage on the part of these women which stir the blood of the most sluggish. He told the story of a nurse who served on three hospital ships that were torpedoed, and who on one of these occasions was three hours in the sea, and who is now stricken with permanent rheumatism.

The Bishop told of another woman who braved the horrors of Verdun, who for five years bore the full blast of inhuman war, who was twice wounded, and who is now the victim of a dread disease which all the genius of medicine has failed to cure.

He told of ninety volunteer women who made bandages for the wounded after their day's work and whose premises one night were struck by a German bomb, and who yet all presented themselves for work on the following night.

"We are faced," he said, "with terrible poverty and unemployment and industrial disputes, but let us take our example from these great women, remembering the dangers they faced; and if we work in the same spirit we shall overcome all our troubles."

There are, I am sure, hundreds of women who are as capable of serving the suffering and the sorrowful as Octavia Hill if only they could be roused, and many thousands who would find wonderful relief from their own sad troubles in lives of self-sacrifice and personal devotion.

But I am equally sure that there are thousands and thousands of women who ought to be leading the way in this matter, but in whom the natural instinct of neighbourliness has been destroyed by the feverish excitements of fashionable life.

This seems to me the greatest condemnation of our present social existence. I believe the wicked selfishness of that social existence is crippling the nature, hardening the heart, and destroying the soul of an innumerable host of women, women in whom the maternal instinct should have created a natural disposition towards neighbourliness.

And I also believe that the trumpeted example of this social existence is destroying in thousands of working-class women the same instinct for neighbourly kindness.

It appears to me that the wives of many better-off working-people are far more occupied in following the trivial fashions of the day than in helping their poorer neighbours over difficulties.

Fatal snobbishness

John Burns once warned the wife of Tenpenny Dick against a snobbish attitude towards the wife of Sevenpenny Jack. What does he think now of the well-off workman's wife's passion for fashionable clothes, char-à-banc excursions, visits to dancing-halls and picture theatres, while the unemployed workman's wife struggles to supply her children with barest necessities in one small overcrowded room?

Snobbishness has many forms, most of them merely grotesque and laughable; but one of its forms is fatal to the soul's health, and that is the form which expresses itself in hard, greedy, and cruel selfishness.

That the present generation is sex-mad I have not the least doubt; that it is more and more becoming money-mad as well seems to me a reasonable fear.

These two madnesses, in a universe which sternly demands reverent sanity, inward purity, and neighbourly love, are alone sufficient to destroy us.

He's Not Such

In spite of the croaking of pessimists, the youth of to-day will prove that Britain is not "going to the dogs"

ACCORDING to some of our modern Jeremiahs, the youth of England is decadent, and the old country is going to the dogs. Others, who would reject so extreme a view, confess to considerable misgiving.

Sir Arthur Yapp, K.B.E.

Even the Prime Minister is reported to have expressed "fears not yet gripping us by the throat, but taking grisly shape in the twilight, that the Great War has not left enough of the breed to carry on the work of the Empire."

And, of course, one and all blame the war. No nation, they truly say, can lose nearly a million of its best men without suffering as a result.

The evidence of physical decadence, at any rate, we are told, is overwhelming. Has not England been beaten at cricket, football, golf, polo, tennis and in the Olympic games? Do not the War Office figures for recruiting show that many would-be recruits do not come up to the required physical standard? There is too much cigarette-smoking, too much watching games instead of playing them.

YOUNG fellows of to-day, the critics say, prefer listening to a gramophone or to the wireless to serious reading or study. There is an almost universal desire for more leisure, shorter working hours and a "fuller life," whatever that may mean.

The young business man of to-day, add the critics, would regard it as an intolerable hardship if he had to begin his working day, as his father did, at five or six o'clock in the morning, and work—not dance—halfway through the night.

And yet was it not the spirit of adventure in the youth of past generations that led to the formation and extension of the British Empire?

Finally, they say, modern youth is thoroughly selfish and not keen on any form of service. In short, it is morally and physically decadent.

I hold that the ideal for British sport is to develop a very large number of good, average players of the various games—men who play the game for the sake of the game—rather than a few highly trained and brilliant specialists.

A Film Fade-Out

by A. G. GARDINER

ANY industry is bound to languish when tinkered with by amateurs. No better result is accomplished when politicians take a hand. Business men with business brains are best fitted to deal with matters affecting industry

Lt.-Col. Vernon Willey, President, Federation of British Industries, which organisation is advocating protection for British films

IF I were asked to name the greatest thing that has happened in this generation I should say the discovery of wireless. Nothing else that has happened to us is destined to influence the world so much.

After wireless would come the film. Some people would no doubt give petrol the second place; but if we consider the effect of things upon human thought as the test of their importance, the motor-car can hardly compete with the "pictures."

For good or evil, we are going to be largely what the picture palace makes us.

The civilisation of the future will be a film civilisation. It will not be a civilisation that will observe national boundaries or language. The film transcends geography and it transcends speech.

It appeals immediately to the Mongolian, the Russian, the Latin, the Saxon, the negro, with equal directness and clearness.

It is the greatest world-unifying force that the ingenuity of man has ever invented.

The control of this force, therefore, is a paramount interest to society, for it means the control of the development of world civilisation.

If I am anxious that this country should have a dominant share in this control, it is because I believe that our English civilisation has as much that is valuable to give to the world as any.

Scooping the pool

But in the race for control we have been beaten out of the field, beaten so completely that as a producing country we practically do not exist. America has "scooped the pool," and the British film industry is little more than an agency for the production of transatlantic films.

This is the more lamentable and discreditable because in the first stage of the struggle it was the British film that made the running and had the start of the field.

Why have we lost that start? Why has America won a practical monopoly of the field of production? Before we can hope to take our legitimate place in the film world, we must know why we have been beaten.

No doubt one reason of the American success is the vastness of the home market. With a population of 110 millions of people, relatively more prosperous than any other community in the world, the Americans had an unrivalled field to exploit.

Next, it has been assumed that a chief cause of their success has been the superiority of their climatic conditions; but, in view of the development of studio work, this factor has lost much of its importance.

For the real secret of the American victory we have to look to the fact that they have brought brains to the business. While we have floundered in a morass of incompetence, they have invented an art and a technique of production that have beaten their competitors out of the field.

What is lacking

We may loathe and deride many of the qualities of the American film, but we cannot deny that in sheer craftsmanship, in the development of the possibilities of the screen, in their discovery of a technique adapted to a wholly new scheme of acting, the Americans have won on their merits.

They have had plenty of money behind them; but it is not money that has been lacking in England. What has been lacking is brains, the right sort of brains.

Millions of money have been poured out here; but they have produced nothing because the brains have been wanting. The wrong people have got hold of the business and made a stupendous failure of it.

Unless we recognise this cardinal cause of our lamentable plight we shall never get on to the right lines. Think for a moment of the British films you have seen and remember. Is there one which we can recall with pride and satisfaction?

I do not ask you to compare our record with that of the Americans. Compare it with that of the Germans. What have we done that can be mentioned in the same breath with "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari," "The Street," "Warning Shadows" or "The Last Laugh"?

Every one of these is great and memorable—finer, in my judgment, than anything America has done. Yet Germany has no more advantages than we have. It has fewer advantages—certainly less money.

What it has had has been the application of a higher order of intelligence and imagination to the exploitation of an entirely new art.

And all that the people who are responsible for our failure can suggest is that the picture palaces shall be compelled to show films which the British public don't want to see. The Government is called upon to protect them in their incompetence.

The picture palaces are to be punished for the inefficiency of the British producer, and the public, having refused to swallow his confections, are to have them forced down their throats or to stay away altogether.

Fallacy of coddling

A beginning is to be made with a 10 per cent. quota, but when that is found to have done nothing to restore the industry there will be a clamour to extend the quota, and in the end the public and the exhibitor will be condemned to a third-rate diet on which the whole industry will languish and decay.

This will be fatal to the very purpose in view. It will stereotype in our midst a low class of art, and lead the promoters to look for success, not to the merits of their commodity, but to the willingness of the Government to turn the screw of protection against their competitors.

The worse the productions the more the need of protection. The idea of capturing a place in the world market on merit will be disregarded, and all effort will be directed to exploiting the home market behind a wall of protection.

The one essential in this great business is to recognise that merit is the only condition of success. No doubt we can coddle a home industry into some semblance of life by protecting it against competition; but we cannot create a healthy, vigorous plant by such methods.

Challenging the world

That can only be done by showing that this country has the intelligence and imagination necessary to produce films that will challenge the best of America and the best of Germany.

When we do that we shall not only possess our home market by the right of quality, but we shall compete successfully in the world market. We have sold to America in the past, and we shall sell to her again—when we have the stuff to offer.

Let us get the best brains at our command working at this problem and we shall soon take our place in the industry. But if we tinker with protection there will be no resurrection for the British film.

ch a Bad Lad!

By SIR ARTHUR YAPP, K.B.E.
(National Secretary Y.M.C.A.)

We certainly need not fear much for the physical endurance and calibre of modern youth when we think of the epic of Everest, the glorious story of that climb to the icebound peak of death by Mallory and Irvine—the latter a youth in the early twenties.

No race has ever been, or, I suppose, ever will be, entirely A1, but I am convinced that the physique of the British race is improving rather than deteriorating.

HOW do the young fellows of to-day compare with those of previous generations intellectually? The evening classes provided by municipalities are, for the most part, crowded. Leeds University had 1,400 whole-time students last session, more than twice the number attending in 1913–14.

Commercial competition is greater than ever in these post-war days, and, as usual, the crowd is at the bottom, whilst plenty of room remains at the top. The opportunity is there, but it must be grasped, and that means patience and self-denial. There is no royal road, no eight-hours-a-day road, to success!

The young people of this generation have no strong prejudice, to put it mildly, in favour of religious meetings of any kind, but sometimes it is our fault if they don't come to church. A man who really has a message for young people can always get a following, and many churches are crowded with young people.

If their moral standards are not always too high, again it must often be laid at the door of their elders' example.

It may be true that our young people are loth to give up their freedom in order to marry, settle down and have families; but if so, the scarcity of houses is largely responsible.

What people are saying about modern youth is exactly what was said about the youth of 1914, and yet, when the need arose, and the call came, they rose magnificently to the occasion. Many young people to-day are healthily dissatisfied with things as they are, and that is by no means a bad sign.

THERE are great tasks ahead, tasks that can only be satisfactorily accomplished as the experience of age and the vigour, courage and enthusiasm of youth work hand in hand.

If they do, and if we always keep uppermost the ideals of character and service, there will be no need to think for many years to come of the "twilight of the race."

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PROFITS ON ILLEGAL POLICIES

Robbing the Poor of their Pence

IN previous articles on industrial insurance we have proved up to the hilt how the companies engaged in this class of business rob the poor of hundreds of millions by perfectly legal methods.

Some of them are not content to fleece the poor policy-holder under the benediction of Parliament and the law. Through their more unscrupulous agents they stoop to practices open to the gravest criticism.

In some cases people are induced in all innocence to take out illegal policies which are afterwards declared to be void, the company pocketing the money paid; in others there is gross misrepresentation.

The most important class of illegal policy is that in which the person who pays the premium has no "legal interest" in the life of the person whom he has insured. A striking example is afforded by the case of Mr. H. O. Hagen, of Cranbourne Street, Springbank, Hull.

Illegal and invalid policies

In 1899 Mr. Hagen was induced to take out a policy on the life of Rose Duggan, who was at the time his housekeeper. The premium was 4d. per week. In 1906 he took out two further policies on the same life, at a premium of 1s. per week each.

He continued to pay until 1925, when his premiums had totalled £120 13s. 4d. He was then told that he had no interest in the life of the woman and that the policies were illegal. As a concession the company refunded him £25.

Mr. Hagen had taken out two similar policies with another company, his premiums amounting to £125. These also were declared to be invalid, and he was allowed a surrender value only of £27 2s.

He had paid altogether £245 13s. 4d. on policies which ought never to have existed, receiving in return £52 2s.

Unscrupulous usury

Another case in the same town is that of Mr. and Mrs. Pearlman, two uneducated people of foreign extraction who could neither read nor write. They took out policies on the lives of two people to whom they were not, and did not pretend to be, related.

Mr. Pearlman died, but Mrs. Pearlman continued to pay the premiums until they amounted to £27 14s. Recently she was informed that the policies were illegal. Although she is very poor, the company have refused to pay a penny back.

Yet again, there is Mrs. Elizabeth Howells, of Penrhiwceiber, Wales, who after losing money in the City Life Assurance Company, which is now in liquidation, was invited in 1923 by the representative of another company to insure the lives of two relatives.

Her premiums, paid regularly until a few weeks ago, amounted to £10 8s. Now she learns that the insured persons, although relatives, are not close enough to give her a legal interest in their lives. The company have pocketed the money, and, so far, have refused to give her anything.

These are three typical cases out of hundreds of thousands, proving that the industrial insurance companies have no scruples whatever in the manner in which they obtain money.

Agents' guilty knowledge

We are not aware that any test case has been fought to decide whether the companies are entitled to retain the money collected on such policies.

We do know that in most business transactions a contract that is not within the law is virtually null and void, and that no one is entitled to make money out of it. It is quite clear that, in two at least of the cases mentioned, the agents must have known that the policies were illegal.

Lord Cavdross, President of the Industrial Assurance Policy Holders' Protection Association and Information Bureau

In any case the onus ought to have been on them to find out whether or not the business was legitimate. How could the Pearlmans, for example, who could neither read nor write, be expected to know?

Patriotism penalised

It is the sort of dodge that one might look for from a shady money-lending firm, not from an established insurance company with peers, Members of Parliament and clergymen among the shareholders.

It will be noticed that many of the instances we quote are from Hull. The explanation is that in that city are the headquarters of Mr. W. E. Mashford's Industrial Assurance Policy Holders' Protection Association.

Almost single-handed, and supported by only one paper, the *Hull Evening News*, Mr. Mashford has fought for twenty-five years against the insurance companies.

In the last ten years he has recovered something like £25,000 of money which had been wrongfully withheld. Yet he himself confesses that he has not been able to deal with more than a fraction of the cases in Hull alone!

A mysterious aspect of the industrial policy scandal relates to the payment of funeral expenses out of death claims which have been met. It appears that an understanding frequently exists between the companies' agents and the undertakers which requires some explanation.

Not long ago, a claim of £39 was due to Mrs. Redding, Scarborough Street, Hull, on a policy taken out on the life of her daughter, who had died.

The company concerned paid Mrs. Redding £12 16s., retaining the balance of £26 4s. for the funeral expenses. It transpired that the undertaker's bill was £16 8s. 3d. but that, at the request of the agent, he had added £9 15s. 9d. which the agent stated was due to him by the policy-holder!

The Insurance Commissioner who enquired into the case ordered the money to be refunded, and made some biting comments. He did not, however, elicit an explanation of why there should be a working arrangement, as there undoubtedly is in many cases, between agents and undertakers.

Rascally roguery

Here is another case. Twenty-two years ago a North Country woman took out a policy on the life of her illegitimate baby. Subsequently she married, and took out further policies.

Her son grew up and eventually, on the death of his stepfather, he became the sole support of his mother and her three other children. Less than a month ago, the young fellow contracted pneumonia and died.

The mother made the funeral arrangements, and later went to the offices of the insurance company to claim her money, which totalled £84 10s. They informed her, with an impertinence of which only an insurance company could be capable, that *they* had arranged to pay the funeral expenses.

When she asked about the balance, they told her that there wasn't any balance!

These cases illustrate more forcibly than ever that the industrial insurance companies, directly or through their agents, are capable of stooping to the vilest roguery.

A dirty business

What has Parliament to say about it? The other day Major Leslie Hore-Belisha raised the question of insurance companies' profit, but we have not noticed, so far, any wild enthusiasm among his fellow Members.

If the gallant major intends to pursue a campaign, we can promise him that he will plough a comparatively lonely furrow. And why was his question published in so few daily papers?

A further question he might ask is on the treatment meted out by companies to their agents. Most of these men are working for a starvation wage and complain to us that unless they stoop to unscrupulous methods promotion is denied them.

What a dirty business it is!

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STEPHEN DONOGHUE (The World-Famous Jockey) Dressed by BARRY (Photo by Press and Publicity Photographic Co.)

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Original Price ~~45/-~~ For 10 Days Only 30/- POST PAID

You will need a Barrico one day, for there is no coat on the market more serviceable for our variable climate. Why not seize this special 10 days' offer to procure one at this advantageous price? Every coat is fitted with detachable wool lining, and the famous Norsark oilskin, which renders the garment impervious to rain, sleet or snow. Ideal in all weathers. Free of all rubber, hygienic and odourless.

Post us your remittance for 30/- for this wonderful coat, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE or FAWN SHADE is PREFERRED.

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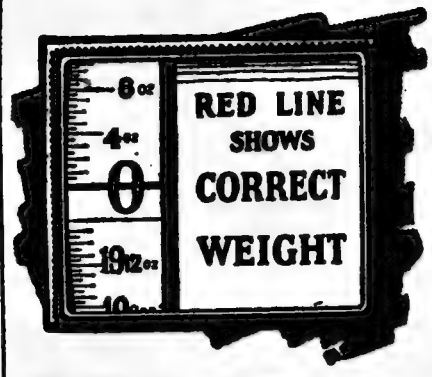
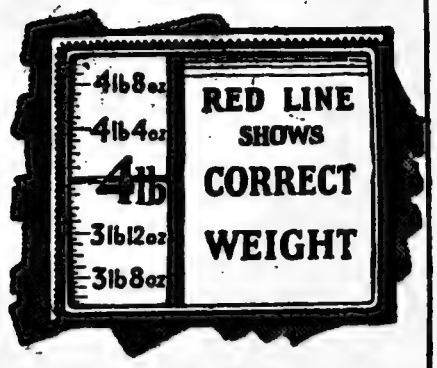


Note above how the indicator says "nought" when the scale is empty. This is your test.

See below how clearly and definitely the Avery shows you the exact weight of your purchase.



Here's the PROOF you get the weight you PAY for

There is no quibbling about the Avery Visible Weigher. Before your goods are weighed the Avery tests itself — its indicator registers "nought." When your goods are weighed the Avery registers the weight as a plain, readable figure. You need never doubt the accuracy of the weight shown by an Avery. Before that Avery left the factory a Weights and Measures Inspector tested and stamped it as accurate. Our own travelling inspectors test it at intervals. Behind it is our reputation —200 years—gained in the manufacture of the world's most accurate weighing instruments.

You read the weight in plain figures

as the Avery registers it on the indicator in front of you.

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6B

Save Money on Quick Breakfasts

Are you one of the wives or mothers who know you would save money by serving Quaker Oats, but do not because of limited cooking time?

Quaker experts have perfected a new Quaker Oats for you — *Quick* Quaker. It cooks as quickly as you make the morning tea. No longer than boiling an egg: scarcely longer than simple toast.

Quick Quaker is made from the same rich, sun-ripened oats as Original Quaker. By special process *Quick* Quaker is made so that it cooks quicker.

Start the day now with a hot breakfast—with Quaker, the premier vigour breakfast of the world, steaming, flavoury and enticing—and save money, too.

Quaker
TWO KINDS NOW

Your Grocer has both kinds
Quaker and **Oats**
Quick Quaker
Same Prices 5¢ and 9¢

ssb

THE NIGGER-DRIVEN NURSE

SWEATED LABOUR IN OUR HOSPITALS

Girls who Welcome Death!

THE British public is proud of its great hospitals and of the splendid services rendered by their staffs. It is not aware that these services are too often maintained at the expense of the happiness and welfare of a large section of the nurses.

The conditions of employment of the probationer nurses are a disgrace to the present system of administration. Their food is bad, their pay worse, amounting to only 10s. per week, and their terms of engagement harsh and unjust.

As a rule, they must bind themselves to a three years' agreement, which may stipulate that in the event of their leaving before the end of that time they must pay a considerable sum by way of indemnity.

The hospitals, on the other hand, reserve the right to discharge them at a moment's notice.

The malevolent matron

The excuse given may be that the girl has infringed one or other of the pettifogging and irritating hospital rules. Too often the real reason for her dismissal is that the matron, a person who wields autocratic powers, has taken a personal dislike to her subordinate.

Penniless, very often homeless, and without experience of the world, the dismissed probationer is often driven, out of sheer necessity, to lead a life of immorality.

Once they have been "fired" from one hospital there is no chance of being taken on by another. They are deprived of the necessary certificate and cannot again take up nursing.

At this present moment there are scores of girls walking the streets of London who have been broken and driven to the last extremity by their treatment in hospital.

Bordering on slavery

The life of the ordinary domestic servant is one of ease and luxury compared with that of the probationer nurse.

Take, first of all, the nurse's hours of duty. With the exception of an hour or so's break in the morning she is in most institutions on continuous duty from 8 a.m. till 8.30 p.m.

At the earliest she reaches her quarters not before 9 p.m. Unless she has a late pass entitling her to stay out until midnight she has the generous period of one hour in which to snatch a meal—cold food and cold coffee—and a breath of fresh air before making her enforced retirement to bed.

But in any case the girl is often too tired to eat the uninviting meal, let alone to stir out. She has not only been at the beck and call of her patients for twelve long hours, but may have been subjected to a considerable amount of nagging.

On night duty, generally speaking, she goes on at 8 p.m. until 8.30 the next morning without a break of any sort, and she does this duty as a rule for about three months.

She has her "breakfast" in the evening before she commences work, and if she has a chance in the middle of the night she can go to the ward kitchen and make for herself a cup of tea, with bread and butter.

She has her "dinner" when she comes off duty in the morning, and it may, and usually does, consist of something like a plate of cold meat and pickles without any vegetables, or a herring and cold coffee.

Miss Maude MacCallum, Hon. Sec., Professional Union of Trained Nurses, whose organisation has done much towards securing better treatment of hospital nurses

She has the remainder of the morning to herself until 12.30, when she is compelled to go to bed until it is time for her to go on duty once more. She has only one night off each week.

Hospital food is quite frequently the direct cause of the girls breaking down in health and becoming so seriously ill that they are compelled to leave, for it is with the greatest reluctance that the matron allows a girl to go sick more than once.

Intolerable tyranny

If she does, it is intimated to her that she is unfitted for the life of a hospital nurse.

One case can be cited where a young girl, Miss ——, a probationer at a London hospital, became run down mainly because of the bad food and the constant worry, contracted diphtheria and died, merely because, as she had said, she did not wish to live. She had no parents and nowhere to go but the hospital or the street.

The poor child had been so broken by the wretched system that she was glad for death to come along and release her.

Under the guise of "discipline" there is a system of petty tyranny in some of the big hospitals which is enough to make life one long misery.

Miss B——, a doctor's daughter, left a famous West London hospital recently after two years there, merely because she felt that she could no longer tolerate the constant humiliations and indignities to which she was subjected.

"If you care to sink your individuality and to have no mind or soul of your own," she says, "then you may get along all right. But if you occasionally want to go dancing on your nights off then you are marked down as 'fast.'

"One of the worst things a nurse can do is to take too frequent advantage of her right to an all-night pass. Her character then goes for ever, no matter whether she has friends or relations with whom she stays.

"Such a statement is met with a cynical smile that conveys far more than any words could. It is seen to it that such girls do not pass the examinations qualifying them to become staff nurses.

"There is no privacy whatever. You have a separate room, certainly, but there is no key to the door. The only key given is to a very small drawer, and you are not allowed to keep a suitcase in your room.

Watchers and spies

"You are watched and spied upon, and everything you do or say goes straight to those in charge, and for this purpose the ward domestics are called upon to keep their ears and eyes open and to make reports concerning us.

"There is no attempt whatever to make life a little bright or cheerful. No wireless in our quarters when off duty, no entertainment of any kind.

"You are just a machine to slog away for twelve or more hours a day, mostly on poor food (unless you buy it yourself), and the subject of the sternest discipline and cold officialdom. For the slightest and, perhaps, unintentional breach of a regulation a girl is dismissed and put out into the street, often without a penny in her pocket."

Miss F. ——, of the same hospital, and another girl on Christmas night went down at the invitation of one or two of the doctors to the latter's quarters for supper. It was done in quite an open fashion, but their absence had been noted and the next day they were turned into the street."

A humane institution

Fortunately Miss F——'s friend had a brother living in London who gave them shelter for a week or two. Eventually Miss F——, who had no home, had to leave there. She obtained a temporary job as a typist at a very small salary, and she is now on the streets and says she "does not care what happens to her."

Not every hospital can be condemned for these abuses. At Charing Cross, for example, probationers are allowed four hours off a day, a full day off in seven, and twice a week have the luxury of breakfast in bed.

Other details of personal comfort are carefully attended to, with the result that there is increased efficiency all round. Incidentally, the hospital never requires to advertise for probationers.

What can be done at Charing Cross can be done elsewhere, and we advise some of the eminent patrons of our voluntary institutions to set their houses in order and remove what is becoming an intolerable scandal.

Cyclists!

When you buy tyres, everything depends upon *who made them*—whether they have a 'Pedigree' or whether they are nameless, having no famous name behind them as a guarantee of quality and service.

THE WISE CYCLIST SPECIFIES

DUNLOP

AND KNOWS HE IS *SAFE!*

All dealers stock and recommend Dunlop tyres and accessories.

'fit Dunlop and be satisfied'

THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD.,
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Branches throughout the World.

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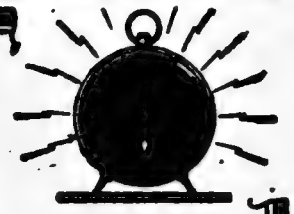
DUNLOP THE STANDARD BY WHICH ALL TYRES ARE JUDGED

WORKERS!



THE NAME INGERSOLL MEANS SOMETHING TO YOU

In factory or office—wherever the worker must "clock in" at the right time—the Ingersoll Alarm Clock offers the ideal solution to the getting-up-in-the-morning problem.

You set it—sleep—*then it wakes you when you've got to get up!*

Made of first class materials, rigorously tested at each stage of manufacture and, finally, timed to a high degree of accuracy, it is expressly made to give many years reliable service. *And it is guaranteed.*

8/6 to 25/-

The range of Models includes:—

Ingersoll Pilgrim	8/6
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GET YOUR *Ingersoll* ALARM CLOCK where you see this display

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KENSITAS

'HERE, JENKYN—there's no picture in these Kensitas.'

'No, Sir—just 20 very fine cigarettes.'

'Well, will I get a cake-stand or a toast-rack when I've smoked 500?'

'I think not, Sir—just that feeling of satisfaction a gentleman gets when he's found, say, a singularly fine old port . . .'

'Sure?'

'Quite, Sir, you wouldn't think much of a tailor if he offered you a tin of peaches or a corkscrew with every six suits . . .'

'Good for you, Jenk!'

'Similarly, Sir, the Kensitas people are so convinced that Kensitas actually are "as good as really good cigarettes can be" that any question of gifts would be—ahem—merely gilding the lily.'

'HI! JENKYN . . !'

CIGARETTES

Clean Barns Healthy Cows Pure Milk

The infinite care taken in the production of Ideal Milk makes it what it is — the Freshest, Cleanest and Purest you can buy. Barns and Dairies are regularly inspected to ensure cleanliness.

No danger of dirt and infection here. Pure milk from pedigree cows carefully handled under conditions of strict hygiene.

Use "Ideal" diluted for Cooking and all Household purposes, or undiluted as Cream. Packed by Nestlé's in England. Unsweetened and guaranteed free from preservatives, colouring or thickening materials.

Your Grocer sells it.

IDEAL MILK

In Sunshine Ward

A SINNER WHO PAID IN FULL

The Passing of a Parson

by PHILIP INMAN

THERE are a number of questions which a prospective patient is asked on his admission to a hospital. They are not prompted by idle curiosity, but simply to obtain information which would be helpful in any emergency. On my desk as I write there lies one of these admittance-cards, on which is written:

Name	Edmund Cavendish.
Address	No fixed abode.
Occupation	None.
Religion	None.
Relative to be sent for	No one.
Disease or injury ..	Rash on body and general debility.

What a world of tragedy is spelt in such a few words!

As I passed through the Princess Alice Ward I turned to the Sister and asked who the patient was occupying bed No. 11. "He has just been admitted," she replied, "and his condition is not too good." Then she whispered, "Due to starvation."

I turned to the chart over the bed and saw the name—Edmund Cavendish.

Recently I returned from the South of France where on doctor's orders I had been in search of renewed health. One of the sights that sickened me there was to watch the gormandiser and the wine-bibber gratifying their carnal lusts.

I come back to the richest city in the world and one of the first things I see is a man dying from starvation.

I stood by the bedside of No. 11 and chatted with him. It was evident he had seen better days. It seemed tragic to think that there he was lying without a friend to wish him God-speed.

The same thoughts must have been passing through his mind, for a moment later he referred to them. He spoke with pride of the days before his downfall. He was a Cambridge man, and after graduating he decided to enter the Church.

After being a curate in a North Country industrial town preferment had come to him in the form of a vicarage in the Midlands. Then he made a mistake which cost him his home and his living. "One blunder," he murmured sadly, "and I was ruined for life."

I shall never forget the bitterness in that man's voice as he said, "'To raise up them that fall,' that is the mission of the Church, but when I fell they kicked me into the gutter and left me there to starve."

* * *

This morning as I went my rounds he said to me, "Do you know a book called 'Crockford's?'" I told him that I had heard of it. Then he went on, "It's a clerical directory, and thirty years ago my name was in it."

Then almost to himself he murmured, "I would give a lot to handle that book once again and see that entry about me." An hour later, after his wish had been granted, he whispered the name of a woman. "But for her my name would still be in it," he said bitterly.

Later that afternoon he became delirious. He talked about his days at college and spoke of his chums. A wan smile came on to his face . . . Then he was receiving his degree—first-class honours . . . The years passed on. Now he had commenced his career in the Church. He was repeating something in a low, musical voice.

I bent down and caught the words, "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness . . . he shall save his soul alive." These words he repeated over and over again.

Just before the end he regained consciousness. In a voice of wonderful pathos he said, "Others misunderstood—He won't."

The Church damned Edmund Cavendish; society ostracised him; he was deserted by his friends. But if it is possible to be certain of anything in this life, I am sure that in his death Edmund Cavendish found peace.

The Sentence of the Court

Earthbound Airmen

A Frost and a Farce

AGAINST Sir Samuel Hoare was brought a charge of misappropriating money intended for air defence.

"Although Englishmen can endure many climatic vagaries," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "they draw the line at an all-the-year-round Hoare frost, which is the prospect they are faced with while the accused remains at the Air Ministry and the Air Ministry remains as it is. For the coming financial year the Air Estimates reveal a net increase of £486,000, while the force itself is still a model of inefficiency.

"British airmen in the war proved themselves the best in the world, yet the only flight record held by this country is the one established by Air Ministry bureaucrats, who have sent administration costs soaring to an altitude unsurpassed by any of their rivals.

"But while the taxpayers' money flies, our airmen remain earthbound. Under the rule of flight-proof officials, British airmen are being turned into footsloggers.

"Needless drillings and inspections occupy the time which should be spent in flight, while an army of clerks, cooks and parade-ground panjandrums spend the money which should be devoted to technical research, with the preposterous result that we have fifty men on the ground for every machine in the air."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said it was absurd to think that an Air Force could be administered from the air or that the men belonging to it should be exempt from the drilling and discipline which had made the Navy and Army what they are. It was easy to talk about devoting more money to technical experiment, but the mere spending of money would not cause inventors with new ideas to appear as if by magic.

* * *

"This country does not lack men of originality in aircraft development," said Mr. Justice Bull, "but these are starved so that bureaucrats may bloat. Bureaucracy, indeed, is the smother of invention, and while it may be true that the pen is mightier than the sword, a birdman in the air is worth a hundred clerks in Whitehall.

"An efficient Air Force will never be brought into being by uninspired disciplinarians (like those who opposed the introduction of the war tank) who imagine that our safety depends upon the ability of our airmen to form fours.

"Nor will taxpayers feel satisfied while a ground staff more than twice as large as that employed in France is required to launch every British aeroplane.

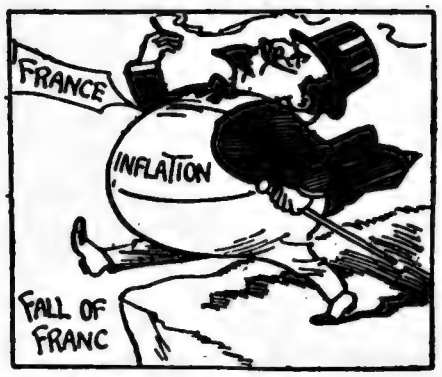
"If Gilbert were still alive he might be tempted to write another 'Pinafore' and advise ambitious youth to 'Obtain a job as a clerk or a chef and you may be the ruler of the R.A.F.'

"Certainly we are not likely to obtain value for our money until the prisoner arms himself with shears and performs some judicious 'bobbing' in bureaucratic quarters.

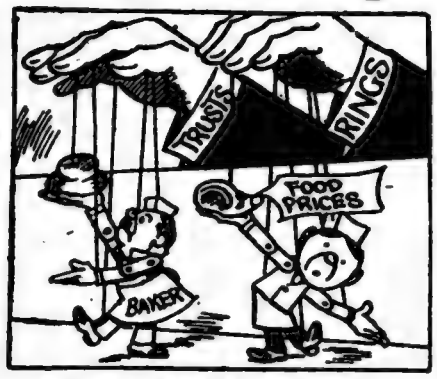
"As Nature has anticipated me, I cannot direct that he himself be 'shingled,' but I can order him to get busy forthwith with a vigorous air restorer, otherwise I shall have to take steps to render him *Hoare de combat*."

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

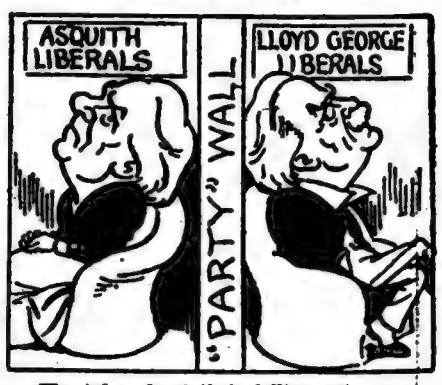
by FRANK HOLLAND



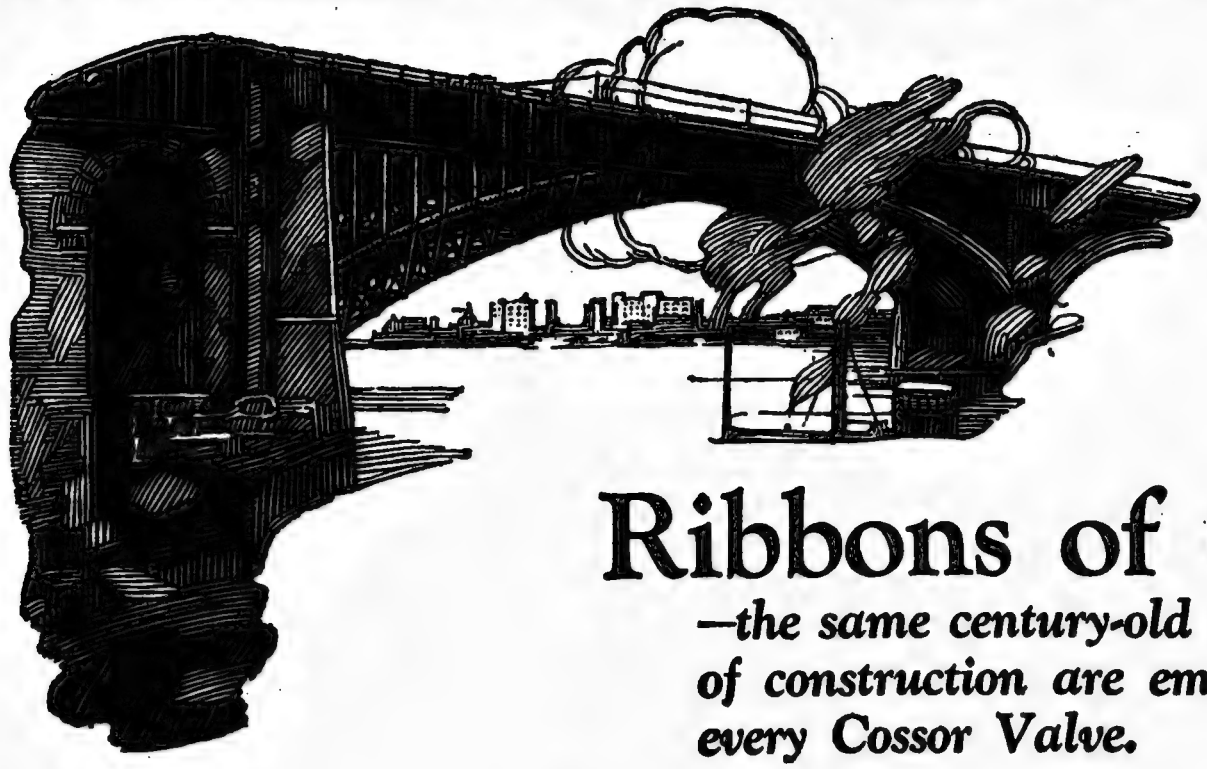
Up to the skies he lifts his eyes,
Not caring where he's going;
The sort of thing that's bound to bring
About his own undoing.



The Council's tried, it's not denied,
And used its best devices.
But trusts and rings still pull the strings
And fix the market prices.



The tales about their falling out
This pair have both derided,
But is it proof to share one roof
That there's no "house divided"?



Ribbons of steel

—the same century-old principles of construction are employed in every Cossor Valve.

FROM bank to bank across a girder bridge a train speeds on its way. A hundred tons or more of living freight suspended in mid-air on a few ribbons of steel. Such is the skill of man. Rigidity is the Alpha and Omega of bridge construction. Without rigidity no bridge can withstand the devastating forces of Nature.

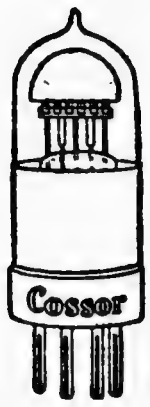
Rigidity, too, is the very essence of successful Valve construction. Without rigidity there must be distortion and microphonic noises. Compare the Cossor Grid with the ordinary spiral Grid and you'll instantly appreciate why the Cossor Valve has won such a unique reputation for purity of tone.

The Cossor Grid is a wonderful piece of miniature engineering. It is built up on a stout metal Grid band, and each turn of the wire is secured in three positions —35 places in all. Was there ever such rigidity?

Combine that with the Cossor electron-retaining system of design and you'll readily recognise why the Cossor is by far the most popular British Valve.

Everywhere it is earning golden laurels for a mellowness of tone hitherto considered impossible.

Before choosing your next Valve ask your Dealer to show you the Wuncell — the Cossor Dull Emitter. Functioning at a dull red glow (almost invisible in daylight) it is, indeed, a super-economy valve with an abnormally long life. For the first time it is possible to obtain a low temperature valve in every way as sensitive as the best bright emitter. The secret of Wuncell success is to be found in its wonderful filament. Instead of a wire, whittled down to the point of fragility, the filament used in the Wuncell is built up layer upon layer under the Cossor patent process. Instead of weakness there is strength.



For 2-volt Accumulators.

W.1. For Detector and L.F. use - 14/-
Consumption: .3 amp.
W.2. (With red top) for H.F. use - 14/-
Consumption: .3 amp.
W.3. The Loud Speaker Valve - 18/6
Consumption: .5 amp.

For 2, 4 or 6 Volts.

W.R.1. Similar to W.1, but with special resistance which can be short-circuited when not required - - 16/-
W.R.2. Similar to W.2, but with resistance as above - - 16/-

Cossor Valves

Issued by A. C. COSSOR Ltd., Highbury, London, N.5 Gilbert Ad 4713

Company Meeting.

Putting Beef into Spiders.

A Novel Use for Bovril.

Presiding at the twenty-ninth annual general meeting of Bovril, Limited, Sir George Lawson Johnston (chairman) congratulated the shareholders on having had another successful year.

The uses of Bovril were so manifold that it was difficult for anyone to keep track of them all, and one heard of good work being done by Bovril in quite unexpected quarters. A little time ago he had come across the following note in a London paper :—

"Two bandit bird-eating spiders have arrived at the London Zoo from Brazil. Each is bigger than a man's hand. On reaching London they showed signs of 'that sinking feeling,' but a good drink of Bovril soon revived them."

BOVRIL RHYMES.

The great interest that had been taken in the Bovril "slogans" was shown by the hundreds of letters received suggesting ingenious new rhymes. Many of the suggestions had been a little too frivolous to be used as permanent advertisements for a serious product like Bovril, but he thought the three following specimens were worth quoting :—

"Britain's boys are all born fighters,
Bovril builds the little blighters."

"Touching hubby for a fiver ?
Bovril is the best reviver."

"Undertakers watch with wonder
Bovril rob them of their plunder."

At the conclusion of the meeting the chairman made presentations to some twenty members of the staff who had been with the company since its formation in 1896.

B·B·C

BRITAIN'S BEST COUGH CURE

"There is no doubt Lobelline is a marvellous remedy for coughs, colds and all chest and lung complaints. I always keep a bottle of Lobelline in the house ready to hand now." Lobelline acts like magic in all cases of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, influenza, sore throat, etc.

LOBELLINE IS SOLD IN BOTTLES 1/3, 3/-, 5/-. LOZENGES, 1/3 and 3/-.

ASK YOU CHEMIST FOR

GEE'S LOBELLINE

The Great Lung Protector

OBTAINABLE AT ALL BRANCHES OF BOOTS, NEEDHAMS, SQUIRES, AND OF ALL CHEMISTS.

Or Post Free from Stirchley Labs., Birmingham.

FREE! A Postcard brings 64-page Medical Guide FREE from Dept. J.B., STIRCHLEY LABS., BIRMINGHAM

Words Winged to Women

THE CHILD in the NIGHTDRESS

Bumble in the Schools

by **MABEL HORNER**

IF an angel should visit these shores, in order to see, after nineteen centuries of Christianity, how much of its teaching we have embodied in our social arrangements, I think he would first look at the children.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said the Carpenter of Nazareth. This did not mean a few fortunate children, born of rich parents. It was all children, anybody's children, to whom the kingdom was likened. And because of their littleness and innocence the children must be protected.

This divine principle is at least admitted in our lawmaking. We legislate, not against but for the children. Children are no longer allowed to toil in coal-mines; they are no longer sent up dangerous flues to be suffocated while cleaning sooty chimneys.

We have set up juvenile courts for children who are delinquents. Education is compulsory. Institutions for the help of helpless children are many. If the standard of national physique tends to decline the attention of Parliament is directed to the matter and remedies are devised.

Worthy pioneers

Thus it was in 1907, after a Government committee had investigated the facts, the duty was imposed upon all local education authorities of making provision for the medical inspection of children at public elementary schools.

Before that some women of Salford and Manchester had formed themselves into a Public Health Society and introduced health visiting in 1861. It so proved its worth that corporations began to appoint official workers. From thence came infant welfare work as we know it.

From that first step came later the Government's decision to carry on the war into the children's school days. It has been a good thing. In the hands of the present chief medical officer, Sir George Newman, the medical inspection of school children has become the greatest weapon against ignorance, dirt and disease that destroys the children that the country has ever known.

It is a pity when the weapon is used without human understanding and sympathy. That it can occasionally be so used is proved by a letter from a mother who unfolds her trouble to me this week.

Callous cruelty

She is very poor. Both she and her husband are total abstainers, but, though hard workers, they have had a steady run of bad luck. They can provide food and shelter for their children ; they cannot buy new clothes.

The mother, sitting up until past midnight at her task, cut down some of her own. When her little girl, being inspected for cleanliness, showed these improvised undergarments, she was cruelly told she "mustn't come to school in her nightdress."

That, I think, is what One greater than the school nurse would certainly have deemed the offending of a little one.

Another mother on learning that her child was told not to come to school in the sorry boots she wore kept her at home. The school attendance officer, pursuing the case, said curtly, the child must attend school, and without boots, if it had none.

Which of these two must the bewildered mother obey? She is crushed between the upper and the nether millstone.

Again, medical officers do not always realise that their curtly worded notes of remonstrance may read to a poor mother, unaccustomed to official language, as the very crack of impending doom.

These, and all such, are forgetting the spirit of helpfulness in which the Act was framed. They are ignoring the humane spirit in which Sir George Newman wishes to see it administered.

And there are so many better ways.

Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer of Health

I have known both attendance officers and chief constables who in times of stress kept going a boot fund from which the poorest barefoot child might be shod. I have known a City Guild of Help from which the children of even the drunken and the harlot might be clothed, the garments being discreetly marked to prevent them being pawned.

The human touch

That is the right kind of officialdom. It remembers that, although medical inspection is compulsory, it must be tempered with humanity. It does not allow the law to degenerate into a soulless harrying of the poor.

It carries on, not hidebound in red tape, but as a child lover, in the spirit of warm, human help.

An Insult to Women

by **DR. MARIE STOPES** (*President of the Society for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress, Author of "Married Love"*)

THE secret document circulated by Sir John Robertson, Medical Officer of Health for Birmingham, was exposed in full in our issue of last week. Every one of his doubtful statements ought to be substantiated, and I challenge Sir John Robertson to do this.

In particular, will he give statistical facts to prove that "there is a considerable amount of evidence that promiscuity has increased among the young"?

From what one knows of life to-day, and from what one can read of earlier generations in England (for instance, in the novels of Fielding, "The Vicar of Wakefield," and other correctly drawn pictures of life), promiscuity, far from increasing, seems to have decreased and the present generation to be immensely better and more racially serious than former generations.

THE idea that if a girl or woman knows of the existence of birth control she will at once "indulge herself," and that at present the only thing which keeps women from being immoral is the fact that they fear an illegitimate baby, is surely one of the most monstrous insults levelled at British womanhood.

Girls respect themselves, their bodies and the race because of something good inherent in human nature and because of training and moral stability which have been imbued either by the home or by their pastors and teachers.

If the mere knowledge that they need not have an illegitimate baby is all they need to commit a social crime, our girls have been improperly reared and taught.

WHO are the moral teachers who have so egregiously failed in inculcating moral standards in our young people? Let them come forward and take the blame which is *theirs*. Knowledge of the uses of a razor does not make people commit murder.

There is another point of view which Sir John Robertson and his school (who might be described as "coercion-by-fear moralists") have forgotten. At present it is almost impossible for young people to marry when Nature obviously indicates they should.

Our grandparents could marry when the men were twenty-four or twenty-five and the girls seventeen. How many men, other than manual labourers, can marry at twenty-four to-day? What is to happen during the long years before a young man is able to marry confident that he could keep any number of children that "Nature" may send?

It is infinitely harder for him to keep moral than it was for his grandfather. Yet he does it. His first clean, natural impulse is to love one woman, but between the building of a home and the upkeep of it under present conditions, his desires are thwarted and frayed out.

Birth control alone offers a return to the *natural* condition of early marriage. For by the knowledge of a proper use of contraceptives, young people can marry when they first fall in love, build up their home together and defer having their children until they are ready.

IN spite of Sir John saying the use of contraceptives *may* be followed by inability to have children when desired, his statement applies only to the *wrong sort* of contraceptives—the sort against which the Birth Control Society teaches.

No, Sir John Robertson, your statements are brief, but incorrect and biased, and although furthered by your "official position" under which you sheltered yourself last time, they cannot carry weight unless you substantiate up to the hilt every one of your insults and innuendoes.

NEURITIS

Something New for this Distressing Malady.

Read this and act on what you are here told; it may be the best day's work in your life. Are you a sufferer from Neuritis, Arthritis, Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc.? You may have suffered so for some years and also spent money and tried many remedies with little or no success. Will you try at no cost a home remedy which is neither a drug nor a medicine, but a simple tropical herb which you prepare just like ordinary "tea," and drink once or twice a day? The remedy is agreeable and effective and you

"Feel the Benefit Almost at Once"

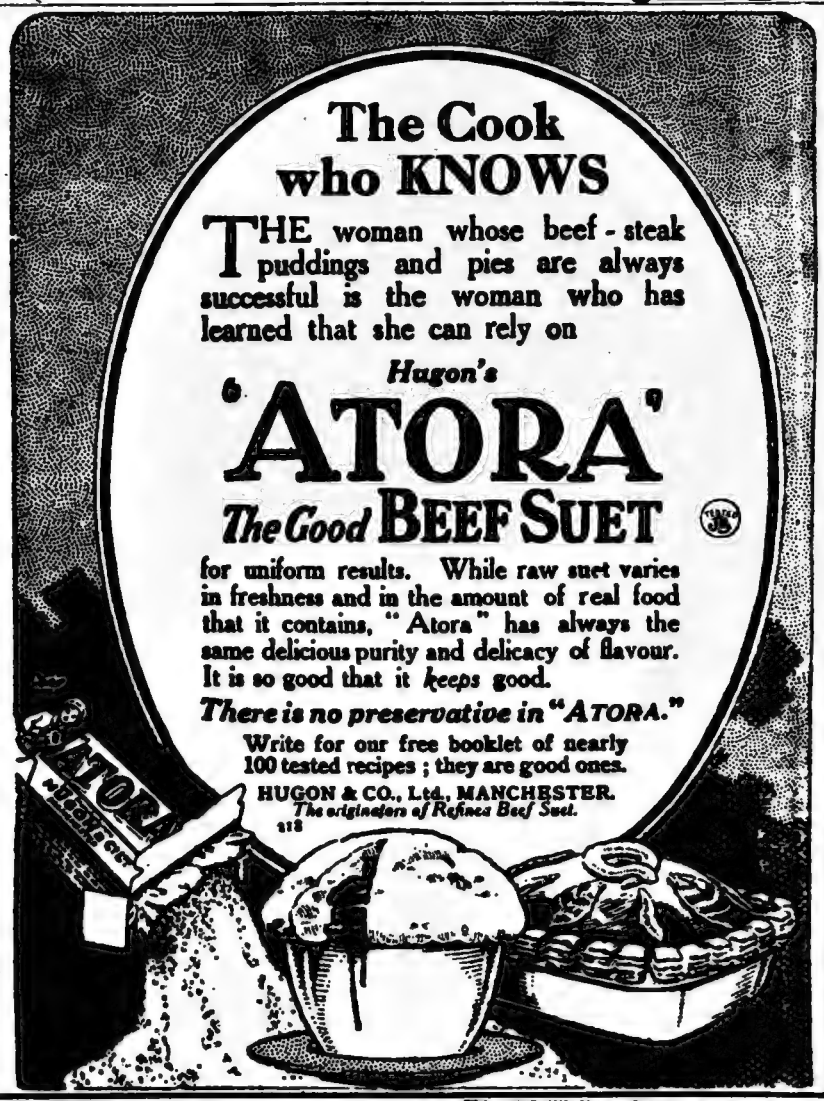
—not what I say, but what people tell me daily in their letters. For example, a well-known Scottish peeress, Lady E—, recently wrote me:—"*People have been so struck with the marked change in me (this lady had been crippled for several years through Rheumatism) that I have had to give away three of the packets, and I am now sending for six more.*" I have received similar letters from Public Officials, Naval and Military Officers, Clergymen, Professional Men and persons in all ranks of life. You need Risk No Money to prove for yourself the Genuineness of this remedy. and I particularly ask you to write to me if you have failed so far to get relief. Simply write and send me a stamp for reply, and I will send you a trial quantity of Hervea free of charge. If you feel you are getting benefit you can have a further quantity at a small charge. The Secret of the virtue of this plant is that it Expels Uric Acid from the System, and also Prevents Further Acid Deposits Accumulating. Other chemical and drug remedies relieve for the time being, but they fail in this all-important result. Write to-day—the cost is nothing, and you may never regret doing so; in fact, it may prove "a long good-bye to Neuritis."

FREE PACKET

GRANGETOWN, CARDIFF.
Having been a sufferer with Neuritis in the knees for three years, and after trying all kinds of "so-called" cures, I decided to try your Hervea. On Sunday the 9th, I started taking the remedy, and before the end of the week, I had nearly lost all pain. I was going to write to you the first week, but I thought I had better wait, so now, after three weeks, I can let you know that I am practically free from pain. At first I felt as if there was something missing, having got so used to limping. I am a Commissionaire at a Cinema, where I am on my feet from morning till night and like some distance away. What used to take me three-quarters of an hour to walk, I can do now quite comfortably in 20 minutes. I have recommended Hervea to every one I know, and I thank the day that my wife sent for the sample packet. I don't know how to express my gratefulness for your wonderful cure. Iervea.—
H. F. H., 27.11.24.

Address: Mr. H. LEE, Celestial Importer
(Dept. 374), 37, Red Lion Street, London, W.C.

P.S. *I am an ordinary "business man," not a vendor of patent medicines, and I know from my own personal experience that the product now offered is MOST EFFECTIVE FOR NEURITIS. As the selling of this product is distinct from my regular business, please mark your envelope "HERVEA."*



The Cook who KNOWS

THE woman whose beef-steak puddings and pies are always successful is the woman who has learned that she can rely on

Hugon's

'ATORA'

The Good **BEEF SUET**

for uniform results. While raw suet varies in freshness and in the amount of real food that it contains, "Atora" has always the same delicious purity and delicacy of flavour. It is so good that it *keeps* good.

There is no preservative in "ATORA."

Write for our free booklet of nearly 100 tested recipes; they are good ones.

HUGON & CO., Ltd., MANCHESTER.
The originators of Refined Beef Suet.
118

Ask the man who sells them

THE tobacconist cannot keep a stock of *every* brand. But he knows his customers too well ever to run out of

Wills's

GOLD FLAKE

CIGARETTES

MADE ENTIRELY OF VIRGINIA TOBACCO

10 for 6d

W. D. & H. O WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. W.210

CORNS—BUT WHY?

Such misery is no longer necessary. Here is proof which no one can possibly doubt.

READ THIS UNSOLICITED LETTER

50, Bristol Street, Newport, Mon.

Sirs,—For years I have suffered with a nasty corn under the big toe. After using Reudel Bath Saltrates the corn came right out. I enclose the corn and you are welcome to it (if it is of any use to you), as I am more than pleased to get rid of it.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) E. S. DURANT.

All chemists have this in packets of convenient sizes and at low prices.

THE ORIGINAL—THE YELLOW PACKET

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

MORE THAN A BATH SALT

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

Great New Treatment.

Varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds and all troubles generally known as bad legs are cured by this treatment without pain, without rest, and at small cost.

This is the **New Elasto Treatment** that **restores the natural healing power to the blood.** It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest and most effective treatment ever devised.

Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it embodies Nature's own laws of health and healing.

Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

How does it cure?

This question is fully answered in a Special Booklet which we will gladly send Free and post free, together with FREE SAMPLE. **copies of recent testimonials and our offer of a guaranteed cure.**

Write for these to-day NOW, or send 5s. for a complete month's treatment, with full particulars and directions, and commence your cure without delay.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO.

(Dept. 157), Cecil House,

Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.

Human Documents

The Woman Left Behind

A Mother's Dilemma—Friendship Betrayed—A Big Burden

"I EXPECT my trouble is shared by many other wives of aliens, and I shall be grateful for your advice on their behalf as well as my own.

"I was married in 1896 in London to a young man who was born in Germany, but had been all his life in this country, and had had no communication whatever with the land of his birth.

"We lived happily together until 1914, when he was interned and I had to go out to work. I soon found that the stigma of being married to an enemy alien was upon me, and I had to accept any kind of employment that offered.

"I worked in a jam factory for 2½d. an hour, from 7 a.m. till 6 p.m., making 2s. 1d. a day. Reckoning deductions, this worked out at less than 11s. for a week of fifty-five hours, and I had to pay 2s. 6d. a week for my little four-year-old boy to be looked after.

"Throughout the war I led this miserable existence, and you may be sure that no one longed for peace more earnestly than I did, for I looked forward then to rejoining my husband.

"HOW terribly I have been disappointed I can leave you to judge. In 1918 my husband, who had been in an internment camp in the Isle of Man, was deported to Germany, and though I had been in regular communication with him up till then, from that time I have never had a message of any kind from him, nor can anyone tell me anything about him.

"I cannot believe that he can be still alive, unless he has lost his memory, for I am sure he would have moved heaven and earth to rejoin us. Someone must know about him and have a record of his movements, and, as I presume, of his death.

"The hardships which I endured during the war have left me a physical wreck, and as my boy is as yet earning very little, I am forced to depend upon parish relief, which is handed to me grudgingly.

"Can you, 'Humanist,' suggest any way in which the burden of life could be lightened for such as me?"

"HUMANIST" says:—*Your position is indeed a distressing one. I think you should write to the Home Office, presumably responsible for sending your husband to Germany, and ask that department to assist you in tracing him.*

* * *

"I HAVE been married for eight years to a man who has been in every way a good husband. Our only point of difference is that he is a great extremist in politics and, unfortunately, also an atheist.

Atheist's Children

"He may be right politically and I do not argue with him on that question, but I cannot bring myself to believe that there is no God.

"We have two dear children, now aged five and seven, and, to my great horror, my husband has begun to fill them up with his dreadful anti-religious ideas. My little boy will no longer say his prayers and only the other day a terribly blasphemous expression fell from my little girl's lips.

"I asked my husband to leave the little ones with their minds undisturbed, at least until they reach an age when they will be able to judge better for themselves, but he declares that he intends that his children shall grow up unhampered by superstition.

"Oh, 'Humanist,' must I see my children ruined before my eyes in this fashion, and can I do nothing to save them? I would even leave my husband and go out to work myself to support them, but I feel that he might be able to take them away.

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered by post. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first three letters printed.

"HUMANIST" says:—*In ordinary domestic circumstances a mother has far more opportunities than a father of impressing children, and you should be able to show them by precept and example that their mother's religion is a desirable thing. I do not think it will be right for you to leave your husband, and if you cannot agree regarding the children's training, you must exercise your influence with all the force of your conviction and trust that truth will prevail.*

* * *

"I AM not yet eighteen years of age, but owing to the death of my mother I have had all the responsibility of housekeeping and looking after seven children ever since I left school at fourteen years of age.

A Trying Sister

"My father is out at work all day, and does not seem to realise my difficulties.

"I can manage the little ones all right, but the eldest, a girl of fifteen, is a terrible worry to me. She seems to have got completely out of control, and she is setting a very bad example to the others.

"She is untruthful and dishonest, and if she is not given her way in everything she flies into ungovernable tempers. I have tried all I know to alter her, but she gets worse instead of better as she gets older.

"I put her out to work, but she cannot keep a situation owing to her laziness and bad behaviour. I cannot help dreading what she will grow into if she is not taken in hand by someone with more experience and authority than I possess.

"If she is left to herself I am afraid she will soon do something that will disgrace us all.

"I used to think that perhaps she was not quite right in her head, for when she was a little child she was subject to fits through a fall, but she has quite grown out of them now."

"HUMANIST" says:—*I cannot understand what your father is thinking about to allow you to shoulder such a burden unaided. If he will not do his duty you should communicate with the After-Care Committee in connection with the school your sister attended. If her behaviour is due to mental instability owing to her fall, she should be placed under treatment.*

Why Not You?

Employers say that there is a shortage of £1,000-a-year men. Certainly there is no shortage of people who would *like* to earn £1,000 a year. Well, we have a £1,500 prize waiting for somebody and that sum will take only a few minutes to earn, not a year. Prospective applicants for this tempting offer should turn to page 89.

"A SHORT time ago I was given a sum of money by a friend of mine to send away to purchase some material for him. At the time I was in a position of great financial difficulty and I fell before the temptation and used the money for my own purposes, thinking that I would be able to pay it within three months, the time for which credit was allowed by the firm.

Open Confession

"Unfortunately, my affairs have not prospered as I thought they would, and I am being pressed for payment by the firm whose last communication informed me that if the account is not paid within seven days, they will take proceedings.

"I am at my wits' end to know what to do. I feel ashamed to go to my friend and explain the circumstances to him, for we have grown up in friendship from boyhood, and he has always trusted me implicitly. He believes that the account was paid long since, and I fear that if he gets to know what I have done it would be the end of our friendship.

"I thought of going to a moneylender, but I am afraid I should not be able to get a loan without security or sureties, and I cannot provide either."

"HUMANIST" says: *You must make a clean breast of everything to your friend and ask him to forgive you. Probably he will be able to pay the money and you can repay him by small instalments, but you cannot expect to retain his friendship if you continue to deceive him.*

* * *

An Unchristian Parson

"I had been married only four months when our child was born, and now the vicar has refused to allow my wife to join the Mother's Union, declaring that she is not fit to associate with the other members. Can I take any steps against him?"

"Humanist" says: *Such an attitude on the part of the vicar is a disgrace to the Church and a denial of the principles of the Master Whom he professes to follow, but instead of taking steps against him, you should attach yourself to a religious body where you may hope to find a more sympathetic minister.*

A Friend's Duty

"A friend of mine has been offered marriage by a man whom I know to be already married. She seems to love him dearly, and she declares that she will commit suicide if the rumours which are flying about turn out to be true. I know, unfortunately, that these are only too well founded, but I fear what may happen if I should enlighten her."

"Humanist" says: *You should not pay too much attention to such threats of suicide. If you know positively that bigamy is contemplated, it is your duty to inform the police, who will take steps to prevent the commission of the crime.*

Futile Vengeance

"A year ago my wife ran away with a man. We have since been reconciled and are now living happily together, but the man who caused all the trouble has come to the neighbourhood and is occupying a good position. I know enough about him to put him in the gutter if I open my mouth. Am I not justified in doing so?"

"Humanist" says: *You cannot increase your own happiness by harbouring thoughts of vengeance. It would be far better to try to forget that the man was ever born.*

COMPANY MEETING.

SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY.

EXHAUSTIVE REVIEW OF THE INDUSTRY.

The ordinary general meeting of the proprietors of the South Metropolitan Gas Company was held on February 24th, at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C., Dr. Charles Carpenter, D.Sc., M.Inst.C.E. (President), in the chair.

The Chairman, in the course of his remarks upon the report of the Company's working during the past twelvemonth, said: I propose to refer to a matter which has caused some perturbation in the minds of certain shareholders—I mean the Government electricity proposals dealt with in paragraph seven. In the first place I want to endeavour to make clear to you what I understand the main proposal of the Government to be, for I cannot but think a good deal of misapprehension exists with regard to it. To-day, electric energy is being applied more and more extensively as the traction force upon our railway systems. Indeed, for such purposes it is not improbable that it will largely replace steam. What, then, is the object of coupling up with a gridiron of cables all the electric systems of the country? I think one answer is supplied by reason of the ease with which even a large modern generating station can be put out of action. I cannot imagine any other course lay before the Government than the one it has decided to adopt of standardising all the electric generating and distributing systems throughout the country and coupling them up by some system of inter-linking cables.

ELECTRICITY AND GAS.

Whether a general cheapening of electric energy will result therefrom is another matter. I, personally, do not believe it will, for the larger proportion of electric energy costs is that entailed not by generation, but by distribution. I think, too, that the effect upon industry of the new proposals has been greatly exaggerated. As there is to-day a good deal of loose talk about the efficiency of super-stations, it may interest you to know that in the process of coal carbonisation in gas works (and not necessarily super-ones), we account for from ninety-seven to ninety-eight per cent. of the energy of the coal, and of this nearly eighty per cent. is passed on to the consumer in one form or another. A super-electric station works with an efficiency reputed to be nearly twenty per cent.

The Directors' Report opens with a statement as to the demands for and the uses of gas. It is very gratifying that the building operations which are now going on are bringing us fresh customers, a large proportion of them being the kind most useful to us—that is, where gas is used for lighting as well as cooking and heating. We owe this almost entirely to the replacement of upright by inverted burners, which not only greatly reduce the breakage and cost of mantles, but give considerably increased efficiency.

Besides, it is a pleasant light to read and work by, a quality which is not lost even in the thousand candle-power lamps which are so popular in South London shopping centres.

Next as regards coal. There are two important aspects of this—the gross cost and the net cost—the latter being, of course, what we pay for it less what we receive for the resultant products. Our chief by-product is coke, and this brought us in something like a quarter of a million pounds less than a year ago. So you see what a great influence by-products have upon the cost of coal.

Our yield of gas per ton of coal continues good, and the quality of the output is being maintained with a regularity undreamt of a few years since.

LAST YEAR'S ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Now I want to say a few words as to our Act of last year, to the promotion of which you assented twelve months ago. Parliament has again shown its confidence in us by giving us an extension of what I prefer to call the charter of working it granted in 1920. Capital is now safeguarded as regards payment for its use, and in addition the whole undertaking and everyone concerned in the undertaking is encouraged to do his or her best to make gas at the lowest possible price. It is in a low price for gas that our strength is founded, and stress cannot be laid upon that fundamental fact too strongly or too often. By the Act we are entitled to divide our surplus of profit in the proportion of three-fourths to the consumer by way of reduction in the price of gas, and the other fourth equally between Capital and Labour. Your portion as shareholders is for last year an additional one per cent., plus £10,000 carried to reserve for future use or investment.

We have to-day no monopoly in the supply of either light, heat or power, and we exist because we can give a supply of these requirements more cheaply and conveniently than can otherwise be obtained.

In conclusion, I should like to pay a tribute none the less sincere because customary to the satisfactory working of our co-partnership. During the last strike no coal was raised in England for over three months, and it cost this company £350,000. Extend those figures over the whole community, and it will be seen that no country, however prosperous once, could stand up to a continuance of such attacks upon it. Our own co-partnership has been established for well over a third of a century, but I believe that it is only now on the eve of demonstrating to the full all that can be achieved by it. Just as adversity tests friendship, so competition tests industry. I believe your staff and employees will rise under its stimulus to a standard of efficiency not yet imagined, and that this Company will continue to play its part in the economic development of gas supply during the present century as it so conspicuously succeeded in doing during the last.

The motion, having been duly seconded, was agreed to unanimously.

The Miraculous Quick Shave with NO SOAP or BRUSH.

DICK: Well, Reg, you look wonderfully fit after your 36 holes. I suppose it is all this golfing that makes your skin look so young and healthy. I look the contrary after a day's golf.

REG: No, old friend! I have not played golf for three months. What keeps my face fresh and young and without wrinkles is SHAVEX. I never use Soap or Brush to irritate and rub the pores of my skin dry. I just smear a little SHAVEX on my face, then shave. I get a closer and a perfect shave in a quarter of the time and my skin feels as soft as satin. SHAVEX is a Skin Food and no after lotions are required.

GEOFFREY: Well, old man, if that's your secret of looking young, I suppose it is expensive.

REG: No, quite the contrary; a 1/6 large tube or pot of SHAVEX lasts me four months.

SEND THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE. Cut this Coupon out, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send, with a 2d. stamp to cover postage, to the Zee-Kol Manufacturing Co. (Dept. V13), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

SHAVEX

Large Tube 1/- Larger Tube (Double Quantity) or Pot 1/6

At all chemists or direct from the ZEE-KOL MANFG. CO. (Dept. V13), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, London, N. 19

BOURNVILLE

'Keep fit on cocoa'

For the sturdy outdoor child, or for the studious one, a cup of "Bournville—the cocoa that tastes like chocolate"—makes breakfast and supper more enjoyable. It is food below pre-war price.

See the name "Cadbury" on every piece of chocolate.

BOVRIL

The body-building power of Bovril has been proved by independent scientific investigation to be 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

PUTS BEEF INTO YOU

Mothers

Owe A Great Debt to Zam-Buk!

THE timely use of Zam-Buk makes short work of any skin or scalp troubles, because Zam-Buk is so beautifully soothing and healing. A dressing of Zam-Buk ends pain and irritation and grows healthy new skin.

Zam-Buk is made from the purest and most potent herbal extracts, and is greatly esteemed by mothers for injuries, for ringworm and all kinds of sores.

RASH FROM BIRTH.—"Our boy Donald (photo above) had a rash on his arms, body and legs from birth. For nearly four years all kinds of treatments were unsuccessful. Then we used Zam-Buk. It eased Donald wonderfully and made his skin clear and healthy."—Mr. L. W. Mullett, 6, Railway Cottages, Stoke, Ipswich.

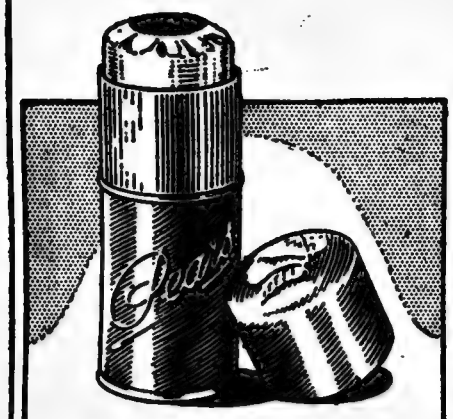
BOILING WATER ON ARM.—"Frank stumbled and upset the kettle, and his arm and leg were terribly scalded. The skin was red-raw, but Zam-Buk lessened pain wonderfully, caused new skin to grow, and healed Frank's injuries."—Mrs. G. Mullen, 32, Glen Lane, Hebburn-on-Tyne.

GIRL'S FESTERING SORES.—"Patricia had a nasty festering sore on each leg for fully a month. She suffered a lot with the pain and inflammation. The good results of Zam-Buk were soon evident. The sores dried up altogether and new healthy skin appeared."—Mrs. F. Simmons, 42, Pier Rd., Erith, Kent.

Zam-Buk

NEEDED IN EVERY HOME

Zam-Buk is the proved remedy for pimples, eruptions, boils, eczema, cuts, burns, scalds, bad legs, ulcers, piles, rashes, ringworm, scurf, dandruff, and other skin and scalp affections. Zam-Buk, 1/3 box; 3/- family size. Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap, 1/- per tablet.



PEARS'
Golden Series
Shaving Stick

is a realised ideal. We all know that shaving soap should lather freely, get the best out of even a poor razor and leave the skin cool and contented. But Pears' Golden Series Shaving Stick really does these things. It performs perfectly where ordinary kinds are content to promise, yet it costs no more, and in its gold container is an ornament to any dressing-table.

Pears'
IVORY STRIP
Solidified
SHAVING CREAM

is really solidified shaving cream. While some prefer a shaving cream, no one likes a messy tube. Here is the cream without the tube, as perfect as skill can make it, and offered to you in a patent container which permits you to use it to the last scrap.

A. & F. PEARS LTD., LONDON

Our Letter Parliament

Pharisees Up to Date

Unhealthy Uniforms—Lust for Revenge—Out-of-date Post Office

All Guilty

"Woodbine Willie" asks, "Are You a Thief?" Certainly—like all other men. Shop-keepers steal weight from the customers; shop-assistants steal from their employers; plumbers, painters, carpenters, and others put in less time on the work than is charged; commercial travellers charge expenses which were never incurred; railway companies and carriers overstate the weight of goods carried. Church sales of work are places where stallholders palm off rubbish at extortionate prices. Yes, all of us are thieves, if we but speak the truth.—*One of the Number, Scotland.*

Pardoned Robbery

We too seldom realise that we can rob a fellow-being of other than his gold or its value, yet how often have we seen or heard of men being robbed of their self-respect through having to live like cattle. Many a man has been reduced to stealing because he has been denied the right to earn a sufficient wage to support a wife and children. The latter is punished, but the former is immune, because to rob a man of self-respect is not a punishable crime.—*W. J. Lewis, Glamorgan.*

A Searching Question

The Rev. Studdert-Kennedy says, "I don't say 'Thank God, I am not a thief,' I say, 'I wonder whether I am or not.'" Oh, that the thousands who are grinding out the lives of the poor would ask themselves the same question. The outspoken honesty of men like "Woodbine Willie" does much to atone for the errors of the Church.—*T. C. D., Rothwell.*

Morality Bad Business

"Woodbine Willie's" article must make many consciences feel uncomfortable. When morality is the driving and guiding force in life instead of statutes, which at best can only control superficialities, there will be far less misery and injustice in the world. Morality is always good sense, but often it is bad business.—*W. L., Everton.*

A Home Thrust

"Woodbine Willie's" "Are You a Thief?" is just in the same style as his sermons. Church parades in the Army were usually dodged, whenever possible, but seldom when "Woodbine Willie" was the parson. After one of his Sunday morning services at Flixecourt (Somme) I overheard a young subaltern, not long out, say to a fellow-officer, "If that fellow wasn't a padre I'd punch his head." "Woodbine Willie's" home-truths had "got there."—*Jerry Bundler, Keighley.*

Law and Honesty

One pauses to think, after reading "Are You a Thief?" and wonders what is honesty. Honesty, we must conclude, on looking around us, is that abstract term which embraces laws, legal and of "principle," to protect those who have against the desires and crying needs of those who haven't!—*B. Wilson, Stafford.*

Real Honesty

If an employer does not grant his workman the privileges he is entitled to, he is robbing him. If an employee draws his wages, and knows he has not done his work as he should do, he also is a robber. If a parson does not visit his sick flock, he is robbing them. It is hard to fix a standard of honesty. What we can do is to put ourselves in the other fellow's place, and treat him as we should expect him to treat us.—*J. W., Lancs.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Brains and Power

If I were a millionaire, I'd not be in the market for a ha'porth more soap; but if I had my wages doubled only, I'd certainly buy more home-grown foodstuffs (butter especially) and more and better boots and clothes. Therefore, the first place to start double wages and double production is in Britain. But, unfortunately, the men who have the brains to get things done have no power, and the men who have the power have no brains.—*C. H., Edgbaston.*

Collared and Cuffed

From time to time we read of doctors praising the scanty attire of the up-to-date woman of to-day, stating how beneficial and healthy it is. Why should the nurses who have to assist these doctors in hospital have to wear tight, stiff collars and cuffs and dresses and aprons crackling with starch? The uniform of the nurses looks very professional, but surely is not conducive to health.—*C. Cannon, Herts.*

The Slum's Sports Ground

If it were necessary for the Government to consider spending £200,000 on sports grounds, why was it not applied for the benefit of the inhabitants of the slums? They do need more facilities to keep them off the streets, which are no better than death-traps. The granting of the money for this purpose would not have been grudged by any section of the community.—*H. B., Steyning.*

Patriotic Sweating

In view of the "Buy British Goods" campaign, I would suggest that employers should "Buy British Labour," and not imagine that work is always a "labour of love." We pay a fair price for British goods, so why not pay a fair price for British labour? "Patriotic" employers would do well not merely to enumerate the British workers they employ, but state that these men are employed under British conditions and are receiving a British wage.—*A. L. P., Brockley.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS":—"Two nicely UNFURNISHED rooms, use of bath, scullery; reference required."

"NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL":—"For two YEARS last SUMMER he was at camp, but he wrote to me."

"ALL SPORTS WEEKLY":—"THREE ladies were playing the other day on the municipal golf-links, but they were BOTH very slow."

"EXPRESS AND ECHO" (Devon):—"It was then discovered that the HOME, although not previously missed, had been taken from the window slab."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO":—"In the YEAR in which she was born, Mrs. ——— has died at the age of NINETY-THREE."

"TIT-BITS":—"His severe, ghostly-looking old FACE appeared a few moments later HOLDING an elaborate candelabrum over his head."

Revenge Rampant

Debt squabbles, the occupation of territories, etc., have proved that there is no spirit of let bygones be bygones alive to-day, in Europe at least. It is an unwritten law in the British code never to kick a man when he is down, and that is the practical spirit of Locarno. But Continental chivalry is seldom displayed when gratification of a lust for revenge is in question, hence retaliation on the part of defeated nations may be expected as a matter of course.—*D. M., Inverness.*

Harem Auction Lists

We of the great dancing public protest against the continuance of partner advertisements that read like a harem auction list. When men of "forty," "artistic," "expert" or "passable" dancers with a "car" find a lack of partners of their own acquaintance, it suggests that the man is boycotted by decent girls or that he sighs for fresh fields to conquer. One hopes JOHN BULL's stand will bring the end of advertisements that cast a slur on our greatest indoor pastime.—*Dancing Man, Burton-on-Trent.*

A Defence of Trams

Apropos your comment on the published deficiency in the year's working of the L.C.C. trams, in justice to the Council it should be pointed out that by law revenue is charged not only with renewals but with debt redemption. This and the heavy cost of maintaining the road track and rates makes the deficiency much larger than it might otherwise be, if a deficiency at all. If the tramway accounts were compared with a private commercial undertaking, things would not be so bad.—*W. J. Bathurst, Enfield.*

Post Office Slackness

In an age when certain folk are asking for State control of everything, it is interesting to note that the Post Office lags behind every trading institution run by private enterprise. It still retains horse-driven vans! The post-offices, too, are marvels of ineptitude. They are usually stuffy, badly-lighted and under-staffed. At a big branch office to-day I had to wait four minutes to buy a penny stamp. The automatic machine outside was (as often happens) marked "Empty"!—*P. B., London.*

A Moral Tonic

One of the most touching histories one could ever read is that so vividly and pathetically described by Mr. Philip Inman of the couple celebrating their silver wedding. One feels the very sadness of it all is a great mental and moral tonic. To have been allowed to witness it must have been an experience of sharing in the sanctities of two great souls.—*R. E., Birmingham.*

The Tar's Farewell

In your article entitled "Grave Ocean Scandal," you have certainly hit the nail on the head and have not overstated the case in the least. It cost me over £60 to get my second mate's ticket and nearly £50 to get my mate's ticket. During both attempts I was off pay for over three months and walked the streets for weeks with empty pockets while waiting for a ship. Under the conditions you describe I arrived at the age of twenty-five with no money put aside. My case is not nearly so bad as hundreds of others, as I have been fortunate in finding a job ashore. I left the Merchant Service with no regrets.—*Ex-Ship's Officer, Cheshire.*

Not all the Scientific experiments in the world have yet resulted in a combination to better—

EDISWAN

P.V.6. (Power) **& A.R.D.E.**

VALVES

For 2-Volt Battery

they give reception that is unexcelled for clarity and volume. Try them on *your* set and learn how free from trouble wireless can be.

A PAIR WITHOUT COMPARE.

At all Wireless Dealers.

THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO., LTD., 123-125, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4.

Two More Ediswan Combinations
A.R. & P.V. 5.
(For 6-volt Accumulator)
A.R. 06 & PV.3
(For 2-volt Battery)

Radio Talks.

The Continent on a Crystal!

by Professor A. M. LOW, Fellow of the Radio Association

IT is sincerely to be hoped that the forecast of the Broadcasting Committee's report, published in certain papers, is no more than a rumour.

That the committee will support the present method of one broadcasting authority is to be expected—the B.B.C. is too good to be troubled by unnecessary interference—but to suggest that no permanent commission should be set up for another three years shows a lamentable lack of imagination.

Wireless will still be in its infancy in three years' time. We shall be arguing about short waves, beam transmission and special wave-lengths for jazz; but we shall be justified if we demand the opportunity for selection.

The listener *must be* represented. Monopolies must be capable of democratic support, and the man who pays *must* call the tune.

* * *

Programme complaints are becoming more rare, but there is some truth in the suggestion that the afternoon is deserving of more, and better, music. Why is it that the important part of the evening between 6 p.m. and 8 p.m. should be so full of speeches?

Most listeners would like to see the programmes more mixed, not jazz *all* at one end and talks *all* at the other. The B.B.C. can afford to pay, so why not rent a landline to Paris and give Continental stations to crystal users?

* * *

The "Big Ten" high-power station scheme looks like succeeding. It is worthy of support, as we cannot yet produce selective sets *economically*. Crystal users have no great power of selection, but with two or more really powerful stations within reach, alternative programmes become possible if the wave lengths differ sufficiently.

* * *

A new wireless organisation has suggested that it will test manufactured sets and publish reports upon them to its members. But what of the manufacturer who does not wish to abide by such tests?

The supply of good, ready-made sets and good components is surely best left in the hands of competent dealers, who will advise the big and small purchaser alike and give good advice.

It is said that volume, range and purity will be tested, but all results depend very much on locality. Nature of soil, buildings, trees, metal-framed structures and electric light stations all affect range and sensitivity.

What standard of noise is to be adopted? All ears are not equal! Purity is another item, impossible to assess without the most complicated tests.

The police have not yet found a standard of noise for motor-cars; to produce a standard of purity and volume for radio is almost hopeless.

* * *

Strange noises are often due to the wind causing the aerial to sway, and consequently varying its capacity. When aerial and leads are close to walls or trees, or particularly if near to a roof with iron or lead gutters, the resulting rustlings, clickings, variations of tone, and changes of volume are as disturbing as a faulty battery.

A Famous AMPLION MODEL reduced in price

De Luxe SWAN-NECK with wood flare in oak or mahogany
£4 : 15 : 0
with metal flare
£4 : 4 : 0
Other Swan-Neck models at
35/- & 53/-

An augmented production incorporating new scientific methods has reduced the manufacturing costs of a favourite AMPLION model and, in accordance with the regular policy of The House of Graham, AMPLION purchasers reap the benefit.

Obtainable from AMPLION STOCKISTS, Radio Dealers or Stores.

AMPLION

There is no substitute for a genuine AMPLION

Announcement of Alfred Graham & Co. (E. A. Graham, Crofton Park, S.E.4.)

Half a Million People

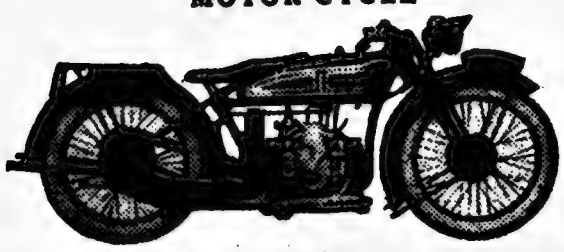
HAVE SENT FOR THIS FREE BOOK —HAVE YOU?—

EVERYWHERE in cafes, trams, clubs, hotels, buses or wherever people can snatch a spare moment you will see animated little groups poring over the magic booklet. It is intensely interesting, telling you in clearly written non-technical phraseology of the wonders of the new motor-cycling era created by the 1926 E.W. Model Douglas. It is further embellished by 31 illustrations.

Fill in this coupon and post it off to us AT ONCE and you will receive the latest edition of the "Book of the E.W."—FREE!

Douglas

MOTOR CYCLE



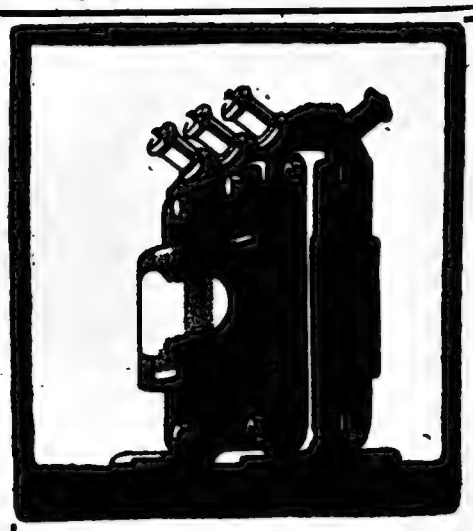
E.W. Model Douglas 3.48 h.p. 3 speed all chain drive. Fitted with Balloon tyres and Patent Low Pressure Brakes **£41 : 10**

TAX ONLY 30/-

Lamp Generator and Horn 30/- extra. Extra for tyres 10/- Solo, 15/- Combination.

DOUGLAS MOTORS Ltd.,
KINGSWOOD, BRISTOL.

Please send me 36-page "Book of the E.W."
M.
J.B.



RATIO TABLE.

Ratio.	Approx. Primary Impedance in ohms.
1 — 1	60,000
1½ — 1	28,000
2 — 1	60,000
3 — 1	7,000
	28,000
	60,000
4½ — 1	28,000
6 — 1	7,000
9 — 1	7,000

Price 27/6

For Every Valve—for Every Circuit.

A New Multi Ratio Transformer.

R.I. are now able to market, after many years intensive experimental work, a multi-ratio transformer which, while still retaining all the features of their original model, has a larger number of turns on the primary and secondary, and by tapping certain points and bringing them to a terminal block seven different ratios can be selected as desired. The impedance value covers approximately the wide range of from 6,000 to 60,000 ohms. Thus, whatever the circuit or valve in use, a winding of an impedance suitable for that particular circuit or valve can be chosen at will.

In addition to the seven ratios available it is possible to obtain the main one by three alternative methods, allowing a different value of impedance to be selected for the same ratio.

The self capacity of the transformer is greatly reduced by the patented system of winding the coil, giving a greater degree of amplification on the higher frequencies, up to the useful point of audibility.

This new model is totally encased with a steel shroud. The coil is treated in such a way as to render it suitable for any climate in the world, and the celluloid enamel is practically rust-proof. The terminal block is a bakelite moulding.

Write now for special leaflet, J.B.

RI

THE MARK OF BETTER RADIO

Advt. R.I., Ltd., 12, Hyde Street, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

"Duggie never owes."

DOUGLAS STUART

for the

LINCOLN

&

NATIONAL

UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS.

NO WAY BARRED.

Market Prices Time of Posting Guaranteed.

1/3rd Odds for a Place

Don't Delay—Post to-day

DAILY S.P. BUSINESS A SPECIALITY.

NO LIMIT

ON

SINGLES, DOUBLES, OR ACCUMULATORS.

Write for terms:

Douglas Stuart

5, Drury St., Glasgow

"A big firm such as

SUTTERS & CO."

(Sole Propr. M. Benson)

GIGANTIC DOUBLE EVENTS

ON

Lincoln & National

NO LIMIT WIN OR PLACE.

1/3rd ODDS A PLACE.

Apply to-day.

S.P. BUSINESS A SPECIALITY.

Send to-day for rules:

250, Hope Street, Glasgow.

Will Steve Ride Coram?

Ifs and Ans and Donoghue—Coram's Book of Form—A Good Miler —How a "Pro." Spots Winners—Exit Saucy Sue

SEVERAL of my correspondents have noted that Steve has been down to Durrington to ride Coram in one or two training gallops, and they want to know if this signifies that he is to have the mount at Lincoln providing Mr. Wertheimer's four-year-old is a starter.

When Steve said "No"

A month before the race it is impossible to say definitely, but it is certainly a straw blowing in the wind. Personally, I think Donoghue will take the mount if he thinks the colt is good enough to win, and not otherwise. Failing Steve, E. Haynes, Epinard's jockey, will be up. It may be remembered that Steve rode Coram in the Prix du Jockey Club and was unplaced, the three-year-old—as Coram was then—failing to stay the mile and a half. Consequently, he would not have the mount in the Grand Prix. Coram was entrusted to Frank Bullock and was knocked over in a general mix-up.

A Good Miler

I think most punters will be interested in Coram's form as a two-year-old and three-year-old. As a first-season horse he won two of his five races. He ran a good three-year-old over his best distance which, it will be noticed, is a mile to a mile and a quarter.

His Three-Year-Old Form

Unplaced to The Sirdar (level) for Prix de Fontainbleu, about 1m. 1f.

Won Prix de Guiche (Paris), about 1¼m., beating The Sirdar (level) by half a length, and ten behind.

Won Prix Biennial (Paris), about 1½m.

Won Prix des Acacias (Paris), about 1m., from Meath and Brumaire (level) a length and three-quarters behind.

Unplaced to Belfonds, Pitchowry, and The Sirdar (level), with such as Ptolemy II. (level), Aethelstan (level), and Masked Marvel (level) behind him in Prix du Jockey Club (Chantilly), over about 1½m.

Two Races in One Day

Unplaced to Reine Lumiere, Terre Review, and Dark Diamond II., Grand Prix (Paris), over about 1m. 7f. (Knocked over in course of race.)

Second, same day, to Cyrus (level) for Prix Major Fridolin, about 1m. 3f., with Aethelstan (level) half a length behind, third.

Won Prix Jacques le Marois (Deauville), 1m.

Third to Dark Diamond II. (level) for Prix Florian de Kergorlay, about 1m. 7f.

Unplaced Grand Prix de Deauville.

Races in England

Fourth Select Stakes to Twelve-Pointer (level), St. Becan (rec. 21lb.), and Diophon (gave 7lb.) over 1m. at Newmarket. (Not acclimatised).

Fourth in Cambridgeshire to Masked Marvel (rec. 4lb.), Pons Asinorum (rec. 2lb.), and Blue Pete (rec. 6lb.).

I am indebted to the *Sporting Life and Sportsman* for this table of form.

How a "Pro." Spots 'Em

A professional backer was telling me the other day that he finds 75 per cent. of his winners by keeping an eye on the market, and the remaining 25 by watching the races. In two-mile 'chases he looks for the quick fencers who maintain a rapid pace throughout which eventually finds the soft spots in his opponents' stamina. He also notes the smart leppers which jump big. They do not often win at meetings like Sandown, Kempton or Hurst Park, but are worth backing over stiff courses, such as Liverpool.

Hurdlers to Note

For hurdle races he uses his glasses to spot fast two-milers who take the obstacles in their stride. This may seem rudimentary, but the average racegoer is so keen on watching his own fancy that he loses sight of the rest of the field.

Grand National Latest

The Grand National puzzle is becoming more and more formidable as the race approaches. The top weight, Silvo, has missed several engagements, whilst some of the lightweights are putting up performances which make one ponder. I understand that Master Billie, the Newbury winner, is considered to be within two stone of Silvo. Captain Whitaker, who trains both, must know if the younger gelding is the better at the weights. A word from him would be very much appreciated as thousands will be lost by the general public if the popular idol, Silvo, is beaten. I am quite satisfied with my selection, Old Tay. Bridge, whom I coded at Gatwick on Friday.

Eric Foster, who will ride Master Billie

Good-bye to Saucy Sue.

Racegoers will be sorry to learn that they will not have another opportunity of seeing Saucy Sue on a race-course. Lord Astor's charming filly has definitely retired to the stud. In her short career she won for her owner just over £25,000.

FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

Rovril III. was the unluckiest loser I saw at Plumpton. Came to grief at the last fence when leading.

Truthful James, 9 to 2 at Newbury, is repaying me for my many kind remarks. Continue to follow Captain Powell's useful hurdler.

Carryduff should never be missed. He did the Lingfield two miles in 4 m. 12 s. Hidennis' time on the same day was 4 m. 16 s.

Prince Regent will be popping up again shortly. Wipe out his Plumpton form. Amateur rider events are very unreliable for future guidance.

Snipe's Bridge should never be missed in three-mile handicap 'chasers.

Bad Luck for the Code

Owing to the fact that I do not code on Mondays I missed a useful double at Plumpton—Honest Boy 8 to 1, Petty Cury, 9 to 2. I saw them both run into places at the January meeting and made a special note against their names. Mr. Heald, the owner of Petty Cury, was good enough to write and tell me that his little mare was a trier, so I did not intend she should run loose. I coded Honest Boy at Gatwick and racing was abandoned. This is the luck of the game. However, my selections are fourteen points up on a level stake, so I mustn't grouse.

INFORMATION WANTED

Thomas Pinch, Thomas Pinch,
At the weights you're a cinch,
But before I decide on your case
I should like to know first, will you show us your worst
Or your best, on the day of the race?

Oh, Pasha, oh Pasha,
You may be a smasher,
But how can I give you my vote?
They say you're a wreck and can't win by a neck
'Cos there's something gone wrong with your throat.

Mister Coram, Mister Coram,
In every Turf forum
They fancy your chance quite a lot
But I want to know most, when you come to the post
Is Steve going to ride you or not?

"John Bull's" A B C of Racing

Next Wednesday, "The John Bull A B C of Racing and Punters' Guide to the Turf" will be on sale on all bookstalls. This unique little racing guide contains a heap of information which cannot be obtained in any other handbook, and I hope every reader of my notes will make a point of purchasing a copy. I will tell you more about it next week.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

A 2 M U R N J K P I X O V G

F L E H Y B W T Z D C 3 S Q

How to read the code: in place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be.

EFVKMYND22DM would read MASTER BILLIE.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, March 3, to Tuesday, March 9.

"Soccer"

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Leeds, Notts Co., Oldham, Bradford C., Grimsby, Rochdale.

5 HOME.—Middlesbrough, Accrington, Chesterfield, Rochdale, Gillingham.

4 HOME.—Notts Co., Bradford, Rochdale, Hibs.

3 AWAY.—West Bromwich, Derby, Brighton.

3 DRAWS.—Newcastle v. Huddersfield, Luton v. Aberdare, Durham v. Coventry.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Leeds, Middlesbrough, Bradford, Derby, Brighton.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Rochdale, West Bromwich, Leicester v. Birmingham.

FORECASTS FOR MARCH 13.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Birmingham, Blackburn, Bury, Manchester C., Sheffield U., Sunderland, Tottenham, West Bromwich.

Look out for The "JOHN BULL" A B C OF RACING

On sale March 10. 6d.

Selections

AWAY WINNER.—Aston Villa.

DRAWS.—Everton v. Arsenal, Huddersfield v. Manchester U.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Bradford C., Chelsea, Clapton, Darlington, Derby, Hull, Notts Forest.

AWAY WINNERS.—Sheffield Wednesday, Swansea.

DRAWS.—Blackpool v. South Shields, Southampton v. Preston.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Ashington, Nelson, New Brighton, Southport, Wigan.

AWAY WINNERS.—Grimsby, Rochdale, Chesterfield.

DRAWS.—Barrow v. Halifax, Lincoln v. Tranmere, Wrexham v. Bradford.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdare, Bournemouth, Brentford, Brighton, Bristol C., Norwich, Plymouth, Southend, Watford.

AWAY WINNER.—Reading.

DRAW.—Crystal Palace v. Luton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Airdrie, Cowdenbeath, Hearts, Raith R.

AWAY WINNERS.—Celtic, Partick.

DRAWS.—Clydebank v. Hibs., Hamilton v. Falkirk.

ESTABLISHED 29 YEARS

WHITE, FISHER & CO.

144m, WEST REGENT ST., GLASGOW.

FOOTBALL

INSURE YOUR WINNINGS BY BECOMING A "WHITEFISHERITE"

7 LEAGUES 6 LISTS

NOTHING BARRED.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

Applicants from London & Districts can call, write or 'phone Gerrard 2512

SCEPTRE HOUSE, 169-173, Regent Street, London.

RACING

No Limit. Weekly A/cs.

We pay all postage.

ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE.

WE NEVER QUIBBLE.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO!

DAVID COPE

AND

ALFRED H. MAURICE

25, North Albion Street, Glasgow, C.1

LINCOLN and NATIONAL

LETTER COMMISSIONS

NO LIMIT.

DAILY SETTLEMENTS

WINNINGS BY RETURN OF POST.

ALFRED H. MAURICE

THE FOOTBALL Accountant,

19, BRIDE LANE, E.C.4.

Clients who win RECEIVE 20/- in the £!! DO YOU? LET SAFETY FIRST be your Motto and BET WITH ME.

Apply at once for

CHALLENGER CREDIT COUPONS

Nothing Barred. Nothing Starred.

A Few Vacancies for Agents.

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners

(Continued from page 6)

H. Whiteside, 16, Hornby Terr., Morecambe.
S. W. Wild, 21, Cheriton Rd., Winchester, Hants.
O. D. Wood, 51, Crayford Way, Crayford, Kent.
J. Young, Brodawel, Woodville St., Pontardulais.

List of Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 582 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at these Offices.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete

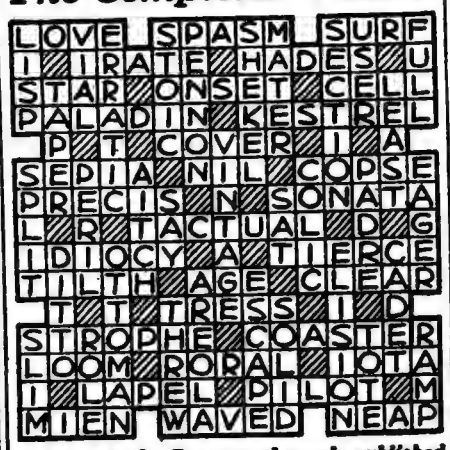
"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final. ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

The Completed Puzzle.



Solution to the Cross-word puzzle published in our last issue. This week's cross-word puzzle is on page 7.

STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

We offer you the finest value in the trade.

From 7/6 month

Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We Deliver the Graves 5/6 suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded in full if you are disappointed.

Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 63/-

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

"4-in-1" SARTOR Raincoat Bargain

A Sartor Raincoat with a "FOUR-FOLD PURPOSE" at a quarter the usual price. The World's Biggest Bargain!

THE ideal Coat for the Winter for both Ladies & Gentlemen. RAINPROOF and COLD-PROOF. Will last this Winter and many Winters more. Its special features are:—

1. Outer coat of triple-proofed GABARDINE.
2. Waterproof fabric interlining.
3. Cosy check lining.
4. Snug, fleecy-wool lining—which is detachable.

Each garment is expertly tailored throughout, and but for the fact that we are ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS SELLING DIRECT TO THE PUBLIC—your "Sartor 4-in-1" would cost you very much more than 32/6.

SEND NO MONEY.

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4 ft. 4 in. x 2 ft. 4 in.	£7	0	0	or in	8/6
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BY USING **KOTALKO**

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Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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John Bull Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

OUR readers have no hesitation where to go when something is causing them anxiety. They turn to our Free Advice Service, knowing that the best counsel will be given.

All question submitted—whether they deal with legal, domestic, financial, or pension matters—are dealt with by an expert staff.

Send stamped addressed envelope and this service is at your disposal

MISS V. (Liversedge).—"Modern men seem to court with a club in one hand." It's a stunning idea.

NANCY (Kew).—"I overheard several young men say I was very pretty." When?

J. D. (Tollington Park).—"My dentist talked all the while I was under his hands." Had you asked him to give you gas?

K. D. F. (Dunstable).—"Do you think alcohol stimulates the artistic faculties?" Well, we once saw a sculptor working brilliantly while on the bust.

P. B. C. (Towcester).—"If I were able to get married I should be a different man." Perhaps if you were a different man you'd be able to get married.

Q. S. (Upper Norwood).—"We now have five fat and chubby children." And are you hoping eventually to boast of a round dozen?

W. J. K. (Crieff).—"Opportunity knocks once at every man's door." And usually with an invitation to roll up the sleeves and get to work.

J. H. (Otley).—"Some people seem to take JOHN BULL as a prophet." That is because we are never at a loss.

P. M. (Congresbury).—"I apologised for kissing her because I couldn't help myself." But she swears you did help yourself.

M. P. (Lewes).—"With care a little bit can be made to go a long way." Especially when feeding hay to a giraffe.

AMBITIOUS (Wakefield).—"What do you think of enclosed story for the films?" It is enough to make one reel.

A. M. (Bovey Tracey).—"Young men of to-day have a great thirst for knowledge." And sometimes merely a great thirst.

MRS. Y. (Yeovil).—"Many women earn good livings as brass finishers." Many women are good brass finishers who earn no living at all.

M. R. (Margate).—"The skull of civilised man is changing in shape." While what we want to see is a big change in contents.

MRS. F. (Farnborough).—"I should like my son to go to Oxford and then take orders." Is there no opening for a commercial traveller in his native town?

L. F. (Barnsley).—"I often wonder what you do with all the hours you spend in your office." We write brilliant answers to brainless correspondents.

MRS. A. (Cockermouth).—"After ten years both I and my husband are quite satisfied with married life." Completely fed up and don't want any more of it, we suppose.

D. D. (Sittingbourne).—"I would like to know what originated the idea of playing the Wedding March at fashionable weddings." It is derived from an amiable desire to accustom contracting parties to face the music.

A. S. (Tonbridge).—"I am far too scrupulous even to let a servant say 'Not at home' when I am in." Still, we're afraid your initials, at any rate, only tell two-thirds of the truth.

V. H. (Slough).—"Is it true that one of our best-known dramatists squints badly?" Don't know; but it's nothing unusual for one of that profession to have a cast in his eye.

MRS. G. (Liverpool).—"If you found a penny would you keep it?" No, we'd spend it. Next, please.

P. M. (Neasden).—"Why did you ignore my letter?" We couldn't. It haunts us still.

L. B. (Eton).—"I am the master in my own house." Have you told your wife yet?

L. B. (Crewe).—"What is the poetry of motion?" What we get and send back.

J. B. (Hale).—"I lost pounds through an attack of influenza." Some people lose guineas.

J. T. (E.C.1).—"A man is known by the company he keeps." Or floats.

B. L. (Hackney).—"When sending a telegram I found there wasn't a sponge to moisten the stamps." Haven't you got a tongue in your head?

MRS. D. (Liverpool).—"If a young man buys a girl expensive presents it's a means to an end." Except when it's an end to his means.

MISS A. (Lancaster).—"May I have your views on the growing practice of vegeterians?" We know nothing of how vegetarians grow.

MISS T. (Leeds).—"What is your opinion of a secretary marrying her employer?" Instead of him dictating to her she'll now dictate to him.

P. D. (Kendal).—"Our young men ought to be fired with the spirit of adventure." Whereas many of them are fired with a curt note and a week's wages.

G. H. (Hammersmith).—"Buying a car can turn real good neighbours into bad ones." They soon begin to run people down, we suppose.

G. O. (Bexhill).—"He's turned out a false and traitorous friend." One who slaps you on your back before your face and hits you in the eye behind your back, so to speak.

J. W. (Bramley).—"The punishment dealt out to Ananias and Sapphira was altogether too severe." You must remember they hadn't got hardened to liars in those days.

F. P. DOROTHY (Swindon).—"It was a pleasant surprise to win a £5 *Bullets* cheque—I hope soon for a bigger shock." Then switch on to *Bullets* this week—there's a £1,500 cheque waiting to electrify somebody.

F. L. P. (Kirkby Stephen).—"A poor man has absolutely no chance of pleasant things in this world." Rubbish! There's the sunshine and the air, brother! Both pleasant things.

D. E. (Richmond).—"The Tube people have removed the anti-smoking notice from the lifts, but have fortunately left up 'Beware of Pickpockets.'" Instead of "No Smoking in the Lift," it should now read "No Lifting in the Smoke."

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SING a song of twopence,
That's all they ask, you know,
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The current *Passing Show.*

Heath Robinson and Wilkinson,
Will Scott and A. G. G.,
Bruce Bairnsfather and Ashley Sterne
Are there in company.

Florence Kilpatrick, M. O. Sale,
And A. A. Thomson, too—
Now isn't that a gorgeous feast
For twopence? *Pensez-vous?*

L. Y. (Victoria).—"Why should the Cabinet be filmed?" Why should it be screened?

J. McT. (Aberdeen).—"He treats me with silent contempt." Why worry as long as he treats you?

T. B. (Poplar).—"People in the street smile when I wear spats." The laugh is on your "side."

A. W. (Christchurch).—"My neighbour is taking violin lessons abroad." That's very thoughtful of him.

H. H. (Manchester).—"A policeman married a policewoman here." A copper wedding.

E. T. (Thornton).—"I am a picture of health." You must have a strong frame.

E. S. (Tamworth).—"I am not paid more than I am worth." However do you manage to live on it?

G. L. (Newark).—"I am a man who thinks before he writes." Proof, please!

L. B. (Chelsea).—"It takes a wise man to be a fool." What vanity!

B. R. (Clapham).—"I want to climb to the top." Then stay on the level.

B. T. E. (Reading).—"It is unwise to tell people all you know." But sometimes so easy!

H. T. (New York).—"Have you space for my poem 'Hope'?" Nope.

F. H. (Hayes).—"What shall I write about in the next letter?" About half.

A. L. (Amersham).—"I have had lovely ribbons put on my guitar." Now you can strike a festive note.

P. Y. (Tonbridge).—"I enclosed a comic cartoon to make you laugh." You did, but it didn't.

E. L. (Southsea).—"When was the first loud-speaker produced?" Twelve months before Eve's first birthday.

J. D. (Bermondsey).—"She's going to marry a bird fancier." She'll soon cure him of that.

SUSIE (Melford).—"Can you guess how old I am? Tell us and we'll soon work out the little sum in addition."

E. M. (Bristol).—"I am going to Australia." Nevertheless, we have decided to struggle on.

D. C. (Wellington).—"Money is the root of evil." Takes a lot of spade work before you can get at it.

N. P. (Dulwich).—"Why does a man take a better half?" Probably in the hope of getting better quarters.

C. T. (Bristol).—"I am a firm believer in mascots for bringing success in business." Nonsense! It's pluck, not luck, that takes you out of the ruck.

D. P. (Midford).—"A taxi-driver earns bread and butter easily enough." With, very often, a helping of jam.

K. K. (Egham).—"I speak the correctest English in the street." Now set to work and learn how to write it.

T. A. (Paisley).—"Crime is often the result of thoughtlessness." If caught, however, the criminal gets time to think.

L. B. (York).—"She provided tough mutton with caper sauce and called it lamb." They were probably the first capers the animal had had for years.

A. T. (Fenley).—"My small son always looks in the mirror to see if his face is clean." Some youngsters look at the towel.

E. D. (Camberwell).—"I read a book called 'Ivanhoe' but I've forgotten the name of the author." Great Scott!

S. C. (Ashford).—"After all, a baby can't be taught manners all at once." No; when he opens his mouth he may be expected to put his foot in it.

M. R. (Manchester).—"I am hard-up and desperate so have bought a revolver." Try our "Bullets" before you do the deed.

T. N. (Rugby).—"Some women grow old before their time." Through trying to look young after their time.

H. M. (Durham).—"Mr. A. J. Cook is too fond of playing to the gallery." When he really should be doing his best for the occupants of the pit.

E. H. (Rugby).—"Two heads are better than one." Not if both of them ache and you've only got one aspirin.

B. E. (Bedford).—"Although I am a draper my hobby is fishing." We would not like you to serve us with a yard of elastic!

B. L. B. (Biggleswade).—"Since I married my wife I haven't been allowed a word in the house." It sounds as if your wife married you.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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If an Advanced Player, I can remove the blemishes of which you are conscious. One writes: "I am realising my wildest ambitions."—E. G. J. (Shetty.)

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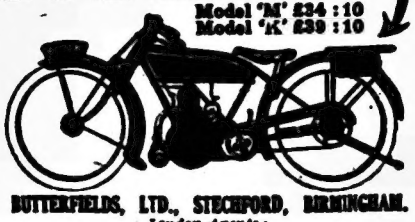

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This callous adventurer's wife was a fine healthy lass two years ago, and, like other inexperienced girls in similar circumstances, she was easily led away by the plausible tongue of the man who courted her.

The flowers of her wedding bouquet had scarcely faded when she discovered the true character of the wretch who beguiled her into marriage, and for the last two years her life has been one of almost indescribable misery and ill-health.

The history of this poor girl's married life is one of cruel disillusion and heartless neglect. Her husband has never maintained her properly, and even when she bore him a child he showed her no pity.

The only contributions he has made are small sums which he sent at very infrequent intervals under pressure through the police court.

It is not surprising that the strain of life in such circumstances undermined the young woman's health, and for months past she has been too ill to fend for herself, and has been entirely dependent upon her mother, a widow, who has the greatest difficulty in making both ends meet.

As a result of many months of worry and distress she is now in a pitiable condition of weakness, and, though the man who betrayed her has met with some measure of retribution for his crimes, his innocent victim is suffering far more than such a callous scoundrel can possibly be made to feel.

The law which punishes the guilty too often takes little account of the sufferings of the innocent, and it is in cases such as these that the "Greatest of These—" Fund endeavours to rescue those who might otherwise perish in despair.

We are greatly in need of increased subscriptions to enable us to deal more adequately with such cases than is possible with the means at our disposal.

"The Greatest of These—"

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

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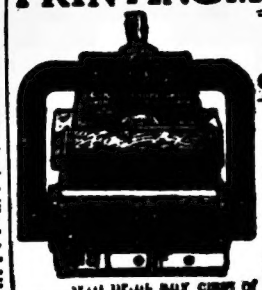

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Example:—AT PRESENT
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SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
Mr. E. G. WALTERS, 31, Holden Street, Battersea, S.W.
Example:—MODERN CINDERELLA
Bullet:—MOTHER—AND LACKS "UNDERSTUDY."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
Mr. F. EMERY, 10, Bucknall Old Road, Hanley, Staffs.
Example:—FULL STEAM AHEAD
Bullet:—"BURST" THAT WOULD "REPAIR."

FOURTH PRIZE OF £30:
Mr. H. MITCHELL, 86, Barrowford Road, Colne, Lancs.
Example:—AT PRESENT
Bullet:—"*Position* NINE POINTS LAW."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £20:
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Example:—WHAT PADDY SAID
Bullet:—"HE RETALIATED FIRST, SIR."

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HEARTBREAKING—SHE THOUGHT HE'D MIXED.

(*Continued on page 6*)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 594.

BRITANNIA
OUR FUTURE
THANKS TO BALDWIN
BY ELECTRICITY
THE B.B.C.
MUSSOLINI
THE LAND
IF BRAINS WERE TAXED
FOR SAFETY
WISELY
SEEN AT PLAY
TEA FOR TWO
SONS OF THE SEA
WITH A GIRL
FOR MOTHER
VANISHING
OLD AND NEW
NO JOKE
IMAGINATION
WHEN BABY'S ASLEEP
HEARD AT THE RACES
LITTLE SOLLY
WHAT SHE TOLD HIM
A PITY
YOU AND I
IF I WERE WIFE
AMATEUR ACTOR
HOW TO KEEP SINGLE
WITH A SIGH
IN LIFE'S SCHOOL
DIRTY WORK
MAN IN THE STREET
WORRYING
SHOWED HE WAS RICH
INCOME TAX
WHAT THE BARBER SAID
HER HAT
RICH UNCLE
SAID TO THE SHOPKEEPER
WHAT IS COAL?

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the *Examples* printed, then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—WHEN THINGS GO WRONG; *Bullet*:—SING—DON'T "MAKE SONG." *Example*:—NIGHT LIFE; *Bullet*:—SUITS PUSSY—UPSETS PUSSYFOOT. *Example*:—1926; *Bullet*:—GOVERNMENT COULDN'T POSTPONE *That*.

Send postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used—see Rules on page 35.

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 594, John Bull Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.

IMPORTANT THURSDAY, MARCH 11, is the closing date, but by posting a few days earlier you can assist us without affecting your opportunity of success.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 11.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(594) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 35. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 11.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(594) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 35. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 11.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(594) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 35. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 11.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(594) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 35. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

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